THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2051.

TWO TRAVELLERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

I.

Many years ago, in a sunny land,
Where Beauty hath her abode,
A traveller passed, who with generous hand
Scattered fragrance where'er he trode.

People smiled on him, and maidens young
Bade him welcome to Beauty's bowers,
And his heart was light as he passed along,
Still strewing his way with flowers.

The sunshine blessed him where'er he went,
And often where love reposes
He stayed to toy—till the day was spent,
And gone was his wealth of roses!

Next morning, the maidens smiled no more,
For they looked, and were filled with gloom
That they saw the way with dead leaves strewn o'er—
The debris of yesterday's bloom.

And the traveller sighed that his flowers were gone,
And would bloom again—ah, never!
"'Twas a pleasant day; but its work is done;
And my roses are dead forever!"

II.

Another traveller passed that way,
And the maidens came out to meet him;
He bade them "Good morrow, sweet maids;" but they
Saw not why they should warmly greet him.

And he went his way, and he strewed the ground
With flower-seeds dry and black;
And by and by the maidens found
That roses grew up in his track.

Then the maidens blessed him, and sent him love,
And grieved that they cold had been,
And they wooed him back to their perfumed grove,
And wedded him to their Queen.

III.

Ye may scatter your roses all to-day,
And to-night your joys are past;
Ye may sow good seed in your patient way,
And be happy while life shall last.

Nyack-on-the-Hudson, 1860.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

NECROMANCY, ETC.

Robertson kept his secret close, and men of science were almost as much at fault in detecting the manner in which he produced his apparitions as the credulous dupes who thronged to his hall of magic. By some, who had no faith in his spectral appearances, the delusions were ascribed to the employment of the Chinese shadows; others approached the truth in supposing the effects to be produced by a magic lantern; but it was evident that Robertson used something far superior to the ordinary apparatus; and at length, after eight years' delusion, the secret was disclosed through the wilfulness or negligence of a boy employed by the operator. A full description of the process used was subsequently published, and it clearly showed that the marvellous apparitions had been "called up" by nothing more wonderful than the simple application of a common optical instrument.

Robertson conducted his operations in a hall about eighty feet in length by twenty-six in breadth. This was divided into two parts: the smaller of these compartments was devoted to the apparatus, and was separated from the portion appropriated to the audience by a black curtain, through which the apparent "ghosts" became visible to the observer.

The principal apparatus employed was a phantascope, a species of magic lantern, arranged on a table so as to approach or recede from the curtain at the discretion of the operator.

The opening and closing of a simple piece of mechanism had the effect of increasing or diminishing in intensity the image thrown upon the screen, and being made to move in a groove, approaching or receding from the slide, the size of the object thrown upon the screen was rendered large or small at the discretion of the operator—the apparition being thus made apparently to advance and to recede.

The transparent slides or pictures used by Robertson were analogous to those employed in the ordinary magic lantern. They were painted by a Prussian artist of considerable ability, and were beautifully executed.

By means so simple as these, a very large number of persons of all ages and conditions were deluded into a belief that they beheld supernatural appearances. It is probable that it was not the first, as it was certainly not the last, time that the phantasmagoria frightened people half out of their wits by its delusive sha-down. In the dark ages, when natural philosophy was in its infancy, the effects producible by a magic lantern would be traced at once to some occult agency, and the man who knew a little of science readily made that little knowledge a dangerous thing by using it for imposing on the credulity of his fellows.

PETER THE GREAT'S MODE OF SOLVING A MYSTERY.

Another method adopted by these pretentious conjurors, exhibited to the gaze of the astonished spectator a human creature changed into a variety of forms, apparently at the command of the magician, but in reality by a simple application of an optical principle.

In these cases the operator, of course, prepared his chamber before the arrival of the spectator. The room in which the prodigy was performed was, generally about nine or ten feet in length, and rather less in breadth, and contained no other furniture than a chair. The spectator was requested to look into this room through a small aperture and he could detect nothing but the chair, on which sat the operator or an accomplice. Suddenly the human creature disappeared and the chair was occupied by a weazel, a squirrel, a cat, a stork, an owl, a monkey, a fox, or some other animal, these alternately appearing and disappearing at a signal from the operator.

On one occasion Peter, the Czar, was present at a "magical" performance of this description, and his lively curiosity was piqued by the singular transformations he witnessed. There he beheld a very Proteus, now with a human head, now with that of a lion, a tiger, or a bear, a whole menagerie on the shoulders of a mortal. The Czar, impatient at being unable to detect the cheat (for he had no faith in any supernatural influence), cut the Gordian knot which he could not unravel, and by two heavy kicks on one of the panels of the mysterious chamber, surprised a wild boar as he was changing into a goat!

The accompanying illustration furnishes a view of the chamber in which the phenomenon was exhibited, the secret of which Czar Peter so imperiously learnt. There we have a trap-door in the ceiling, carefully concealed by the decorations; to this trap is attached a chair precisely similar to that which is placed opposite the spectator, but in a reversed position. On this reversed chair is the animal—a stuffed specimen usually, changeable at pleasure—which is intended to surprise the spectator, whose attention has to be imperceptibly drawn from the chair on the ground to the chair on the ceiling; so that while he is in reality observing one object, he may be led to suppose that he is looking at another. The manner of producing this optical delusion is exceedingly simple. It is furnished by a triangular prism, one of the faces of which is horizontal, and the axis of which is placed parallel to the partition. The prism is moved by a slide, moving in a groove, pierced by an opening. Opposite this prism is a flat glass, in which the reversed object is reflected in its natural position, and the shifting of this prism, easily accomplished by a string or wire, directs the eye of the spectator from the real object—as, for instance, the operator himself in the chair—to the reflected image of the reversed object on the ceiling. It will be seen from this that the whole "mystery" is a mere conjuring trick, the effect of which, upon the credulous or ignorant, would be to fill them with an awful sense of the supernatural; but it is a trick so simple, that a schoolboy would laugh at it when once explained.

Such applications of natural science by the magicians, &c., &c., of old, easily account for the singular effects they are said to have produced; they were cunning fellows, deluding their ignorant dupes by optical or other philosophical experiments, and they were nothing more.

☞ Men and women are never more frequently outwitted than when they are trying to outwit others.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[In order that new subscribers who begin with the present number, may be able to go on with this interesting story, we may simply state:—

That Erle Gower is the son of Lord Kingswood, by a lady whom he thought he had deluded into a pretended marriage, but which marriage really was a genuine one.

Ishmael (or Vernon) was the lover of the lady in question, and now is determined that Erle shall have his rights.

Erle is ignorant of these facts—having been under Ishmael's care from childhood, until taken to Kingswood Manor. Lord Kingswood himself being ignorant of Erle's existence, supposing that he had died when a child.

Cyril is the son of Lord Kingswood, by his present wife, a lady of high family who really is not his legal wife, owing to the fact that Lord Kingswood's first marriage was a legal one. Lady Maud is the cousin of Cyril. Violet, a beautiful forest maiden, under the care of Ishmael, is in love with Cyril, though greatly against the wishes of Ishmael.

Philip Avon is madly in love with Maud, and is very jealous of Erle, whom he has challenged to single combat for an alleged affront. Pharisee is Lord Kingswood's valet.

At the opening of the present chapter, Tubal Kish, a rude servitor of Ishmael's, has in conjunction with the latter, broken off an interview in the forest between Cyril and Violet, not in the gentlest manner.]

CHAPTER XII.

The proud, high spirit, with which Erle Gower had been endowed by nature, was rendered morbidly sensitive by the singularly isolated position in which he had been placed. A glance of contumely, a word of scorn, an air of condescension, even expressions of compassion at his comparatively friendless condition, stung him far more acutely than if he had been surrounded by the usual social relations of life. There was not a vacation during the year at his school-home which, as soon as he began to think at all, was not passed in solitary ramblings, during which he brooded over his anomalous position. He had his boyish dreams of grandeur and greatness. In the bright summer time he would lie beneath the cool shadows of waving trees upon the crest of some wooded hill, and gaze wistfully upon the expanse of richly cultivated lands, stretching far away beneath him, and wonder whether he had descended from any of the lordly possessors of the fertile estates he then beheld. If so, why was he thus alone, and his origin unknown even to himself? If he was some poverty-stricken dependant upon the bounty of a secret friend, would it not be possible himself to found a house and become a great lord? The histories of eminent men, which already he had perused with eager earnestness, afforded him some brilliant examples; and he felt that with expansion of intellect, accompanied by indomitable perseverance, energy, and an unflinching attention to the object of his pursuit, that he might become as elevated in rank, and as wealthy in possessions, as the inheritors of many of the fair domains upon which his thoughtful eyes then rested. Such dreams, such fancies, such reasonings and speculations, attended by a constant sense of incertitude respecting his real status and his family connections, naturally made him more keenly alive to any observations or to conduct which seemed to reflect upon his position. But, at the same time, it spurred him on to secure and to maintain a position among his school companions which compelled a consideration they might not otherwise have been disposed to grant. At all manly games and athletic sports he excelled; indeed, it was not alone that he was animated by a desire to achieve a superiority, but he was urged on to attain it by the severity of the discipline to which he was subjected. No other youth belonging to the establishment attempted it, and he would probably have broken down under its rigor, but for his haughty spirit, which enabled him to conquer physical exhaustion.

"The exercise of his intellect had been equally severe, and he was nominated captain of the school over many of his seniors in age, with whom he competed for the honor.

His removal to Kingswood had rather quickened his sensitiveness respecting the mystery of his origin, and thus the insolent threat which Philip Avon uttered when both were in pursuit of Lady Maud, galled him more fiercely for its manner than its matter, and from that moment he regarded him with a hate which, without being base or ignoble, was nevertheless of a deadly character.

A gleam of triumphant joy illuminated his eyes when, having parted with Cyril Kingswood, he locked his door, and gazed upon the note sent to him by Philip Avon, and which he yet clutched in his burning fingers.

He believed that he was intuitively master of its contents, and he felt a species of fierce glee in the contemplation that he should, perhaps, have it in his power to more deeply mortify and humble Philip Avon than as yet he had done, by defeating him in a race for a life, and by putting in execution the threat Philip had hurled at him.

He broke open the seal, and read the contents of the epistle, which were as follows:

"We have met in hate. My gorge rose at you when my eyes first fell upon you; our acquaintance, brief as it has been—yet too long—has sufficed to bring our antipathies into direct collision. You have crossed my path. You have thwarted me in seizing an opportunity I have long most ardently hoped for; and you have subjected me to a foul indignity to which no Avon has ever tamely submitted. I must have more than satisfaction. I must have full and ample revenge. I know not who you are, what you are; whether you are of good birth or a low-born; and as you appear to be an ill-bred fellow, I cannot now at present ascertain any satisfactory evidence on this point, and I must, perforce, content myself with the fact that you have been presented by Lord Kingswood to his guests, and placed by his wife on an equality with them; but that you are a poor dependant on his bounty, I do not doubt by the scene which occurred at dinner yesterday. When you were ordered to quit the dining-room, the Honorable Mr. Kingswood was snubbed for wishing to join you. I, however, voice this in my desire to erase the stain with which my honor has been smutched by you. To merely lash you across the face with my riding-whip when I met you, would not suffice to satisfy the insult I have received, nor the aversion I entertain towards you. I propose, therefore, to slay you or be slain by you; and although I do not believe that you are entitled to the consideration I am about to exhibit, still, as it will effectively settle the hostility between us, I prefer to adopt it. I request you to meet me this day week, at dawn—say six o'clock—at that part of the Chace where the insolent words were uttered by you in reply to my request to give me a precedence which, by every right, was mine. I shall come alone; I shall expect to find you there alone—mark me—alone! I will bring the weapons, of which you can have your choice. I mention this because you may not possess them, and your inquiries for such a loan may raise suspicions, satisfactory to you perhaps, but which I, at least, am most anxious to avoid. I have named the day and hour of meeting, at the expiration of a lengthened interval, with the same object. Come, and alone, or be branded and lashed by me as an abject coward when and wherever I may fall across you. Your presence at the appointed spot is the only reply I need.

"PHILIP AVON."

At first Erle laughed in contemptuous scorn at this epistle, but flinging it on the ground, crushed it with his heel. But presently he raised it up, and again perused it, crumpled and mutilated as it was, and as he read each coldly calculated deliberate insult, the most vindictive feelings took possession of him. Naturally impetuous, and possessed of feelings difficult to control, he had been ever ready to retort upon the contumelious, and to avenge an insult, but promptings of avengement had never degenerated to rancorous vengeance. Now, he felt that Philip Avon's life was the only atonement he could receive for the numerous and gratuitous insults he had offered him. He was eager for the meeting, was irritated and vexed by the delay, and would have preferred that it should have taken place at once rather than so much time should be allowed to pass with the memory of every stinging observation eating its way into his soul.

As he had no alternative but to accept the terms of the challenge, he was compelled to [illegible] and would foster, but he consoled himself with the reflection that no day is so far distant it cometh not at last.

He threw himself into a chair at the window, and gazed out upon the landscape, although his thoughts were far differently occupied. He noted not the decline of daylight, the rolling up of wreathing vapors eventually dispersed by the rising beams of the moon, or the exquisite scene presented to his eyes when the last white wreaths of mist had disappeared from the valleys. His mind was engaged in resolving that most vexing, trying, difficult of all problems, "What is love?"

Philip Avon, he had been told, was in love with Lady Maud. What did that really and actually mean? What was the true definition of the assertion? Did it mean that Philip Avon liked Lady Maud better than any other of her sex that he had seen? If so, so did he—did it mean that Philip Avon thought her more beautiful in face, more delicate in form, more graceful in mien and motion than any other young and gentle lady he had beheld?—so did he. Would Philip Avon aid all that lay in his power to ensure her happiness—would he not? Would Philip maintain her beauty and purity against the whole world? Would he live only for her? Would he die for her? Did that mean love? Erle proudly felt that no one suggestion equalled his own emotions on those points. There was nothing he could imagine that Philip Avon would do or dare for Lady Maud, he would not surpass thrice ten thousand times, if it were possible. Yet did he love her?

How violently his breast throbbed as he put this question to himself! How bitterly his heart ached as he answered himself by saying, that if the strongest liking, if the most intense yearning to render devoted homage and to tender service of any kind, however dangerous and difficult, was to love her, then he loved her with a truer, more earnest, enduring, and passionate devotion than could Philip Avon.

Their acquaintance had been only just formed, but in the interval which had taken place from the moment of their meeting until now, sufficient events had been crowded to determine the point.

Yes, his heart ached as the conviction forced itself upon him that if Philip Avon's attachment to her was love, his own was love, too, of a boundless nature. It ached because he associated love and marriage together. To win the love of Lady Maud was to win her hand. Philip Avon, the son of a wealthy baronet, the heir to a title and to vast estates, he might, indeed, prefer a claim to win her hand if he could conquer her heart; but what if he himself enthralled her! How could he place her in that lofty, elevated position to which her beauty and her rank entitled her?

How? how? He clenched his hands and teeth as his hurried eyes gazed out upon the broad lands, which, silver-gray in the moon beams, spread out far and wide, still and silent, as if hushed in slumber. Was there no way by which he, too, could become master of woods and vales, of villages and tenantry, a frowning castle, and a proud title? Surely the path open to others to pursue would not be closed to him—especially as he would enter upon it steadfast, earnest, energetic, and with unfaltering resolution, unflinching perseverance.

Who could give him a clue, a track, a foot-print to this path? It was all he asked, he would do the rest. Lord Kingswood, perhaps? Yes, he would not deny him this, he knew; for Erle felt that he was an unwelcome guest at Kingswood, and any proposition that would remove him thence would be welcome to his lordship.

A rather sharp and hurried knock at Erle's door interrupted his reverie, and it was repeated before he collected his scattered thoughts, and rose up to open it.

As he flung it wide, the pale moonbeams fell upon the pallid face of Pharisee, who exclaimed, in low but rapid accents—

"My lord is in a towering fury at the absence of Mr. Cyril. Will he please to attend his lordship on the instant?"

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood is not here," replied Erle, coldly.

"Not with you, sir?" said Pharisee, quickly.

"What do you mean, fellow?" replied Erle, indignantly; "have I not said so?"

"I—I—Mr. Cyril was in your apartment, sir, when I brought you a note from Mr. Philip Avon," persisted Pharisee.

"Is that a reason he should remain here until doomsday?" rejoined Erle, sharply.

"Pray, sir, how long is it since he left you?" inquired Pharisee, anxiously.

"I cannot tell, returned Erle, impatiently. "It may be one, two, or three hours—I do not know what the hour is."

"It is approaching ten," replied Pharisee; and added, hastily—"Of course you are not aware that a commotion has taken place in the dining-room?"

"Commotion?" repeated Erle. "No. What has happened?"

"You are aware that his lordship is hasty and irritable," returned Pharisee, in a sleeker tone. "The absence of Lady Maud at dinner vexed him, because, added to your absence, it incited a host of questions, fears being entertained that both might have sustained injuries unnoticed in the excitement of this morning's desperate affair. Then Mr. Philip Avon took umbrage at praiseful words uttered respecting your act of gallantry, and had, when the ladies retired, some warm words with two or three gentlemen, who spoke in high terms of you. Sir Walter defended his son, and soon the difference extended, until a scene of wrangling, such as I never beheld at his lordship's table, took place, and was terribly heightened by Mr. Philip Avon, who had been drinking deeply, suddenly breaking out into the ravings of a lunatic, and eventually falling down in a fit. He has just been taken home in his father's carriage, which Sir Walter, in a fit of exasperation, had already ordered, and they have departed. It was then discovered by Lady Kingswood that Mr. Cyril had not appeared at dinner nor during the evening, and the result of her ladyship's inquiries, and those of Lord Kingswood, is, that Mr. Cyril was last seen in your company."

"Yourself being the informant."

Pharisee bowed.

"Go acquaint Lord and Lady Kingswood that their son quitted me immediately when you departed from the room. As you know what the hour was, you can enlighten them. I have not since been visited by Mr. Cyril.

Pharisee, in the dim light which the moon spread over the apartment, was unable to observe the expression of Erle's countenance, and he could gather nothing satisfactory from his cold, stern tone. He rather doubted Erle's statement, but there was a peculiarly commanding, haughty manner with the youth which, in spite of himself, compelled him to treat him with a respectful deference. He therefore reluctantly, and with lingering step, retired.

Left alone, it is probable that Erle would have pursued his former train of thought, but his eye caught sight of lamps, and one or two blazing torches dancing and gleaming along the winding pathways of the extensive and beautifully-arranged garden grounds. Then he heard a bugle sound, and voices cried "Hilloh!" lustily.

Then he saw dark figures tramping with hurried steps over the park, and spreading in all directions.

Then he remembered the strangly-mournful notes of the horn sounding in the direction of the Chace, the sudden and visible embarrassment of Cyril, who had hastily and perhaps unintentionally ejaculated—"The wonder of Kingswood Chace." Further, then, flashed through his brain the face and form of Tubal Kish, together with his deadly designs on Cyril.

It was but the work of a moment to seize cap and gun, to hurry to the corridor, key in hand, and unlock the door which communicated with the staircase leading to the outlet to the wood.

He descended in pitchy darkness till he could descend no further, and then, with d[illegible]

ficulty and great exertion, he pursued his path, until he reached the grating, opened it, and crept stealthily up among the thicket and under-growth, and stepped out as before, into the copse in Kingswood Chace.

It naturally occurred to him, that where he had before encountered Tubal Kish in a struggle with Cyril, he might, if they had met together there again, find some trace of him. He therefore made his way with a gliding step between the stems of the numerous trees around him, untill he reached the spot where he had so opportunely appeared in Cyril's behalf. The spot where he halted was thrown into deep shadow by the close net-work of boughs, branches, and twigs above, but out in the glade the moonbeams lay upon the motionless grass and made it appear like a carpet of frosted silver.

As he turned his gaze upon various parts of the open space, a stealthy, though a heavy footstep, caught his ear, pressing down dead leaves, and cracking and crushing dry twigs. The sound proceeded at no great distance from him, and he at once glided behind a tree, to watch the approach of this night prowler of the woods.

At some fifty feet from him, the footstep paused abruptly, and diverged from his direction into the open glade. He looked eagerly thither, and beheld a man emerge from the shadows of the trees, bearing on his shoulder a lifeless human body, which he, with an affectation of carefulness, laid upon the cold sward. He placed his hand upon the heart, as if to ascertain whether it was yet beating, and then raised his head up and looked about him.

The moonbeams glittered whitely on his ghastly visage, and Erle instantly perceived that it was the scowling face of Tubal Kish.

A cold perspiration seemed to ooze from every pore. A clammy dampness gathered on his forehead, and for a moment his limbs felt paralyzed.

Could it be the body of Cyril Kingswood that lay motionless at the feet of this ruffian?

While yet under the influence of this horrible thought, he heard the fellow say, in a coarse, gruff voice—

"Shouldn't tempt I, then. Didn't thee hear 'un say don't hurt 'un, but let 'un go soon as I signal? Well, why didn't ee keep quiet, then? What did ee fight and cuff I vor? What did 'ee break my head wi' gun stock vor? O, but was an onlucky blow vor'ee. You be down now, not I. Wheugh, he be 'aff dead, surely, and Philip Avon will pay I well to kill 'un right out. Old Ishmael 'ooll be savage, but he'll be anger'd now and anger'd once vor all, say I'll earn Philip Avon's gold. I'll cut his throat, 'un when I get the shiners, who'll find I?"

As he concluded, he drew out of his coat-pocket the same desperate knife he had used in the morning, and opening it, knelt down by the side of the still senseless body.

That very instant a tremendous blow from the butt-end of a gun knocked him over.

But his skull was not made of an ordinary thickness; and though a thousand fires flashed in his eyes, and he was stunned for a moment, he yet leaped to his feet, and beheld standing before him, a youth, armed with a gun, awaiting his attack.

The moon shone on his face, and rendered every feature distinctly visible, the frowning knit brows, the gleaming eye, and the compressed lip.

Tubal Kish stopped in the midst of his fury, and stood as if frozen into a statue of ice.

His teeth chattered, his blood curdled in his veins, and he growled out—"The Spectre of the Chace, Kingswood of Kingswood!"

Then, with a wild yell of horror, he turned and fled, as though pursued by the phantom hounds of a weird forester.

Erle, surprised at the man's conduct, so strangely different to what he had anticipated, suffered it to affect him but a moment. He instantly directed his attention to the body at his feet, and throwing down his gun, he knelt by its side, and raising the head gently and tenderly, supported it upon his knee.

The white beams of the moon rendered still more pallid the marble countenance. There was a gash upon the forehead from which blood yet slowly trickled, the eyes were closed, the lips compressed, and the hue of death seemed settled upon the features, which, with a sinking heart, Erle recognized to be those of CYRIL KINGSWOOD.

[This much admired story was begun in THE POST of Oct. 6th. The back numbers can be procured either through the news dealers, or by writing to the office of THE POST.]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLUE INK.

You ask me, Edward, what I think
Of this new fashionable ink;
I'll answer briefly, Ned;
Methinks it always will be blue,
At all events, when used by you,
It never will be red.

☞ When Count Rochambeau, with the French fleet, was on our coast during the Revolutionary war, the captain of one of his ships was for a time quartered on Colonel Trumbull, at New London, Connecticut. The first morning at the breakfast table the hostess, in the genuine spirit of Yankee curiosity, asked: "Captain, are you a married man?" The captain, with that inimitable shrug which is born in a Frenchman, replied:—"Ah! not moosh, joost leetal."

☞ VALUE OF CORK WASTE.—The waste of cork-cutters is valuable as a non-conductor of heat, for lining refrigerators, and placing under metallic roofs. It must be ground to powder in suitable mills: it is very light, non-absorbent of water, and not costly.

☞ A FRENCH GUARDSMAN'S PRIDE.—A Dijon journal relates the following incident:—A high legal functionary on entering the Prefecture during the Emperor's stay there, accidentally trod on the foot of a Cent Garde who stood sentry at the door. "I beg your pardon," said the magistrate, "I did not intend it." "Do not mention it," said the soldier. "I know as well as you do that no 'an ever treads upon a Cent Garde's foot in-'tionally."

ISHMAEL WARNING VIOLET AGAINST CYRIL.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The TERMS of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy,	and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$2,00
One Copy	of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies	of THE POST,	3,00
Four	" "	5,00
Eight	" (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty	(and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	30,00
Forty	(and a paper extra, and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	40,00

For other offers in connection with the Premium Engraving, Webster's Dictionary, and Lippincott's Gazetteer, *see the Prospectus on third page.*

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE PROBABLE REASON.

Our readers have noticed in the late news from Europe, an item stating that the Prince of Wales was to go the way of all his race, and be married to a German Princess.

As we stated some time ago, the advantages to Great Britain—not to the United States—of an union between the Prince and the daughter of some American "sovereign," are so evident, that it is impossible that they should have been overlooked by the wise statesmen of England. The *London Punch*, in a recent number, seems to coincide with us in this opinion, saying—

A Law which Nature contravenes,
A rule of Rank and State,
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With British spouse to mate.
The safety of the Realm commands
Them Protestants to wed;
And therefore is their choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race
Confined, almost, to woo,
Who, by the nature of the case,
Are German Cousins too.
Now German Cousins far removed
All very well may be,
But Cousins German oft have proved
Too near the parent tree.

Near cousins o'er the German tide,
What need remains to seek,
Now steamers cross the Atlantic wide,
Almost within a week?
Of Yankee Land the beauty pales
All Continental Fair;
Might not a bride be found for Wales,
A distant Cousin there?

Yes, Punch, an American bride might easily be found—but you, *Punch*, as well as THE POST, have only considered one side of the question.

What does Great Britain really want? Does she want a King—a King indeed? By no manner of means. Queen Victoria is a sample monarch—because she behaves herself with great decorum, and *does not meddle with politics.*

Now the British people—and more especially the British aristocracy—want a line of Kings that will behave themselves as well as Victoria, and concern themselves just as little with politics. A King who was every inch a King, might give the hereditary rulers of England no little trouble. The sphere of the monarch is by no means strictly defined in the British Constitution. A line of weak kings has enabled the people of England, headed by the aristocracy, to transform Great Britain from a monarchy, into an Aristocratic Republic. But a line of able and energetic Kings might undo all this, lessen the power of the aristocracy, and transform England into a Popular Monarchy.

Now what would be the effect of making one of our spirited, energetic and ambitious American girls Queen of England? In all probability she would be an incessant spur to the quiet German blood of her husband—putting ideas into his head respecting his rightful kingly prerogatives, which otherwise would never get there.

And then the son of this American Queen—inheriting probably all his mother's fire—what a dance he might lead the Russells and the Howards! Would the proud blood of Kentucky, for instance, be willing to live as a mere kingly puppet, and be moved by the wires held in the aristocratic hands of some Derby or Palmerston?

We laugh to see in imagination the hurly-burly that such an infusion of the free wild blood of the West would make in the future of England!

No, the English statesmen are right. If the monarchy is not to be anything more than a mere name—a dignified lay-figure around which to hang the regal purple—let them continue the present plan of Germanizing the royal family. Already the amount of Norman blood in the veins of the reigning house, must be scarcely computable—and to make it less and less is the true path of aristocratic safety. A German in the first place, a princess in the second, and a cousin in the third—that is the way to insure a contented, well conducted, unambitious, and entirely safe race of monarchs in the future.

But an American girl,—it might be one in whose veins mingle that strong Saxon and fiery Celtic blood which made the Normans of old what they were, and which now is making the American the noblest product of his time—what an eaglet for the serene dove-cote of our good mother Victoria! No, it will not do—unless our aristocratic friends wish to run the risk of seeing strange sights in England.

SORGHUM SUGAR.

We have heard so little of the Sorghum lately, that we were quite prepared for the following paragraph in the *Ohio Farmer*:—

We have tested the best samples of sugar and molasses from the Sorghum, but have thus far failed to find one that approached the flavor of the best sugar and molasses from the Southern cane, or our own trees at home. *We have but little confidence in the success of the Sorghum.*

We hope the Sorghum is not going to pass into the long list of agricultural humbugs.

A VERY NICE DISTINCTION.—The Italian correspondent of the *London Times* says—

There is a lot of young men of fortune at Naples at the present moment, mostly Englishmen and Americans, who amuse themselves by going out by rail every morning to Garibaldi's quarters before Capua, and with valuable guns of long range, which they have purchased for the purpose, pick off the men at the outposts of the royal army all day, and return to the city in the evening to boast of the number of game they have "bagged" during the day. This irregular warfare, carried on for amusement, and by men not enrolled in the army, is nothing less than assassination, and ought to be denounced as such and arrested. It is a nice distinction to make in certain aspects, but as a moral question it is quite clear.

We are not able to perceive the clearness of the "nice distinction" made by the correspondent of the *Times*. How does he know that this "irregular warfare" is carried on merely for amusement, and not from patriotic motives? We do not doubt the Capuan outposts would pick these "young men" off, if they got a chance, without the least compunction. We confess we should not like to shoot men in such a cold-blooded fashion, but as a moral question, it is *not* quite clear that the mere fact of not being enrolled in an army makes that "assassination" which otherwise would be justifiable killing. Still, the scruples of the writer in question are honorable to him—and feeling is often a safe guide where reason is perplexed.

THE BOARD OF TRADE EXCURSION.—Now that this party of Philadelphians have arrived safely home, we may take the liberty of informing them that by giving a liberal support to the daily and weekly press of this city, they would do more to extend their trade than by fifty such excursions. And if each of the gentlemen engaged in the above trip had gone West by himself, with a single eye to business, about tenfold as much good would probably have been effected. Pleasure is one thing, and business is another.

THE NEW MAYOR OF LONDON.—This gentleman, although a "Fishmonger," is no dealer in fish, as some have supposed. An "Englishwoman" explains the matter in the *N. Y. Atlas* as follows:—

The phrase means that he belongs to the "Honorable Company of Fishmongers," the highest and most influential of all the corporate companies of the city of London, *to which the sovereign, male or female, always belongs.*

In conferring the honor of citizenship upon any person, it is necessary that he should become a member of some one of the guilds; goldsmith, spectacle-maker, clog-maker, or any other, the fact not implying at all that the new citizen has anything whatever to do with that trade. Officially every candidate for city honors is then entitled "Citizen and Fishmonger," "Citizen and Clog-maker," &c. Alderman Cubitt is an architect and engineer by profession, and has the largest building contracts in England.

The privileges of citizenship in England are sometimes obtained by curious means. At Bristol, once the largest sea-port, the fact of marrying a Bristol woman confers citizenship, by a law made by Queen Elizabeth to encourage ambitious men to marry the women who were pronounced the ugliest in all her dominions.

And so Victoria herself is a Fishmonger—*this will be good news to the New England "codfish aristocracy."*

COMPLIMENTARY—TO WHICH?—We find in the *Home Journal*, the following description of the personal appearance of the Prince of Wales:—

His nose is classical and characteristic—his best feature—being long and sense, except the want of depression between the eyes. In the mouth he resembles his mother, while his chin recedes more. His face is rather Norman than Saxon in contour. In complexion and feature he resembles Mrs. Allen, of the histrionic world, the most beautiful blond in the metropolis. In tone of manner and bearing, the Prince resembles Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr. It is true that Mr. Bennett *is rather taller, and appears rather more masculine*, but his style and bearing are quite similar to the manners of the Prince of Wales. Thus much for the royal tour through this portion of his colony.

The reader will see by the above, that the Prince's face is rather Norman than Saxon, with a retreating chin, and that he resembles Mrs. Allen, and Mr. Bennet, Jr., though he is not quite up to the mark of the latter individual. Any young lady therefore, who "gives up the Prince in despair," can go on to New York, and try her hand upon Mr. Bennett.

EDITORIAL COURTESIES.—The *N. Y. Atlas* says of the military capacity of Gen. James Watson Webb, of the *Courier and Inquirer*, that "he could not form a company of six chicken-thieves for an assault on a hen-coop!"

The General would hardly like to deny that, and assert that "he *could* form a company of six chicken-thieves for an assault on a hen-coop!"

PHONOGRAPHY.

[A gentleman of this city, well acquainted with Phonography—in fact a Phonographic Reporter by profession—writes to us as follows:—]

Mr. Editor of the Post:—The article which you have published on Phonography from the columns of some other paper, evidently is written by some enthusiast, or some one who is interested in it as a teacher, bookseller, or publisher.

There is no doubt that, to some persons, Phonography may be made a very useful medium for the transmission of their thoughts to paper, instead of the common mode of writing.

The time spent in learning short hand might be more profitably employed in the acquirement of some other branch of education, unless the student actually wishes to become a verbatim writer, and secure reports of lectures, sermons, law proceedings, &c.

There are many advantages gained by the acquirement of Phonography; but it has a tendency to cause persons in their ordinary writing to mis-spell, and leave out silent letters.

To lawyers it may be made very useful in taking notes of court proceedings. As to clergymen using phonographically written sermons to preach from, they must either have the discourse well committed to memory, or else be liable to commit some very gross errors, as the phonographic signs bear a close resemblance to each other at a distance—which is not the case with the ordinary mode of writing.

They will have to intersperse their notes with an occasional long hand word, in order that their eye may be directed to any particular portion of the phonographic manuscript.

To decipher phonographic notes successfully, the mind should be wholly concentrated upon them.

To literary men it may be useful if they do not write in a very brief manner. But what use a physician can make of it, I cannot conceive; why, a merchant might as well keep his books in phonography as a physician keep his memoranda in it!

Brief phonography to any other than a reporter or lawyer, must prove to be a very dangerous plaything.

Phonography is written in two ways, namely: the *corresponding* and the *reporting* style. The former is written at an average rate of speed of from 35 to 60 words per minute: the latter at from 120 to 250 per minute. As a general thing, it is not deemed necessary to write over 200 words per minute, as very few speakers speak over 180—the average rate of speaking is from 120 to 150 *per minute.*

Ordinary long hand is written generally at a speed of about 25 *words per minute*; the fastest of writers may be able to write as many as 35 per minute.

Respectfully Yours, T. H. C.

THE NEXT DANCE.

[The following lines accompany an illustration in the *London Punch*, which represents the Prince of Wales being introduced to Miss Columbia, preparatory to a dance.]

Yes, dance with him, Lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us he's worthy those sunshiny smiles,
Wave o'er him the flag of the Stripe and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land;
Proud Heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

And we'll claim, too, the omen. Fate's looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next tune she will play,
But if JOHN and his Cousin join hands for the Dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ANOTHER BATTLE—VOTE ON ANNEXATION—FAILURE OF THE WARSAW CONFERENCE.

The Bremen brings Southampton dates to Oct. 31st.

Turin, Oct. 27.—An engagement had taken place between the troops of the King of Naples and the Piedmontese, half way between Teano and Sessa. The enemy, leaving many prisoners, fell back upon Garigliano.

The result of the voting in the Kingdom of Naples, with the exception of two provinces, from which returns are still wanting, is as follows: Yeas, 1,102,499; Nays, 9,371.

The Warsaw Conference is reported a failure. The Times says that the cause of the breaking up of the interview was ostensibly on account of the illness of the Empress Dowager of Russia, but really because the terms on which the Emperors met each other were such as to render a protracted intercourse extremely undesirable.

Austria has announced that notwithstanding the complications in Italy, Austria will maintain her line of defensive policy; the present armaments and concentration of troops in Venetia have no other object than of repelling any attack.

THE MARKETS.—Oct. 29.—Cotton has advanced ⅛@⅛d ₱ D, in consequence of the reported killing frosts in the Southern States being corroborated. The market was excited.

LONDON CORN MARKET, Oct. 29.—The market was firm at the rates of last week.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Oct. 30.—A good demand was experienced for Wheat at fully the prices of Friday, or about 1d ₱ cental lower than on Tuesday. There was a reduction of fully 6d ₱ bbl. Sack Flour unaltered. Oats 6d ₱ 45 lbs dearer. Beans brought 1s ₱ qur more money. Indian Corn was in good request at 33s for prime Yellow and Mixed; while White, from scarcity, is worth 46s@47s ₱ 480 lbs.

LONDON PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKET, Oct. 30.—Sugar advanced 6d ₱ cwt. Coffee flat. Tea firm. Rice firm. Tallow quiet. Scotch Pig Iron, 52s.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 19, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The roses and peaches which have somehow or other contrived to blow and to ripen under cloudy skies, are not yet over, and nevertheless snow is falling abundantly in many parts of France, the roasted chestnuts which tell so surely of the approach of winter, have just made their appearance at the corners of the streets, and people are already laying in their stocks of fuel. The upper stratum of society that considers itself as constituting "Paris" is still absent, being absorbed in the delights of travelling, or of chateau-life. But should the snow take to falling too abundantly, these gay birds of passage will soon wing their way to the metropolis, with the grandees of the Court at their head. Just now the sporting season is beginning, with all the incidents of extraordinary costumes, accidents with guns, and purchasing of game at the shops of discreet dealers, which are so rife in Paris every autumn. The usual autumn stream of English and Americans *en route* for the south of France and Italy, has also set in; not even the dubious aspect of political affairs in the Eternal City sufficing to deter these adventurous tourists from visiting the future capital of united Italy, where people are just now laughing at the absurdity of some "travelled gent," who has been doing the lions for a few weeks past, and has just written home to his English friends, giving them an account of his adventures, and winding up his description of Rome, by saying, "You will be surprised to hear that there is a Coliseum here, as well as in London; only it is not kept in such good repair!"

OUTRAGEOUS CUSTOM.

Much excitement prevails among the Jews in Rome, and elsewhere, in consequence of a rumor just set on foot in that city. The unrivalled tenor voices of the famous choir of the Sistine Chapel, from which women are excluded, are the result, as is well-known, of a barbarous Orientalism little to the honor of the ecclesiastical rulers who thus perpetuate, in the centre of Christendom, a usage worthy only of the harems of Constantinople; the rumor which has so greatly excited the alarm and indignation of the Jews, being to the effect that one of this peculiar choir having just deceased, the Court of Rome has determined to "fit" the young Mortara to succeed to the post of the defunct singer. The Jews, who have been again memorialising all the other Governments on behalf of the stolen child, have now addressed themselves to Victor Emmanuel, who has assured them of his sympathy, and promised to do his best to procure the boy's restoration to his family.

While the "Princes of the Church," in Rome, are thus keeping up a custom peculiar to the Mahometans, a daughter of Abdel-Kader has just arrived here to take the veil in the Order of Gray Sisters. She has been educated at Constantinople, where she often met with Christian women, and was so much impressed with the devotion of the sisters who attended the hospital during the Crimean war, that she determined to join their order. Her father consented, and she is now passing her novitiate in this city. As the Emperor, both from personal liking and from policy, makes much of the noble-hearted Arab Chieftain whom he would like to make his vicegerent in Syria, a great fuss will, no doubt, be made by the Court, on the occasion of the veil being taken by this young daughter of Algeria, to which ceremony, for the benefit of the readers of the Post, your correspondent will endeavor to obtain admission.

TOBACCO.

Some man in the pet colony of which all France believes England to be horribly jealous, and for which they constantly declare that "she would rejoice to exchange all her Indian possessions," has just invented a method of working up the stalks and waste leaves of tobacco into a species of paper, which will serve to form the envelope in which cigarettes are rolled up. As no less than ten millions of francs' worth of linen rags are now employed in making the paper used in this manufacture, the discovery is considered a valuable one. At the same time, a Society has been formed here, under the auspices of several eminent physicians, with a view to combatting the growing use of tobacco in France, as injurious alike to physical, mental, and social health. The use of this "vile weed" is, in fact, becoming almost as general here as it is, unhappily, in the United States; the floors of omnibuses, lobbies, and theatres are almost as filthy as on your side of the water; while yellow teeth, fœtid breath, snuffy noses, and clothes saturated with the odor of stale smoke, are almost as delightfully common. Many eminent medical men attribute to the use of tobacco, the growing deterioration of the French people, in point of size, and soundness, which leads, every year, to the rejection, as "unfit for service," of an increasing number of those whom the system of conscription pounces upon for the recruiting of the overgrown army of France. The pupils of the Polytechnic School have just furnished the anti-tobacconists with some curious statistics; for, dividing the young gentlemen of that college into smokers and non-smokers, it is shown that the smokers have proved themselves far inferior to the non-smokers, in the various competitive examinations. Not only are the smokers found to have entered at a lower rank, but their average rank had constantly fallen in the various ordeals through which they had passed during the year; the non-smokers always entering at a higher grade, and taking all the honors throughout the year.

FISH RAISING.

The fullest success seems to wait on the piscicultural efforts now being made on so extensive a scale both in the rivers and on the sea coasts of France. M. Coste, frequent-

ly alluded to in these letters as the energetic and learned director of this branch of the ubiquitous action of the French Government, and who, if he go on as he has been doing for the last few years, bids fair to render France the oyster-supplier of the world, has just been making another visit of inspection, in the government vessel *Chamois*, and attended by a number of local authorities, to the oyster-beds prepared by him in the Bay of St. Brieuc. These beds are formed by depositing in the sea fascines constructed of branches of trees, covered with oyster-spawn. Out of 300 of these, two were raised, each of which had upwards of 20,000 small oysters adhering to it, though numbers had been washed off during the raising, the sea being very rough. Near the bed of St. Marc, formed five years ago, a dredging-machine was cast out, and in five minutes brought up over 2,000 oysters in fine condition. These results prove that M. Coste's experiments have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. The bed of St. Marc is believed to consist of between four and five millions of millions of oysters, and the working of it is to begin next November. The stock of other fish now coming to perfection in the rivers, lakes, and reservoirs to which M. Coste's methods have been applied, is on the same enormous scale; and thus, by means of a comparatively insignificant outlay, an incalculable addition seems to be preparing to the national wealth.

THE LAMA IN EUROPE.

The zealous and persevering efforts of the *Imperial Society of Acclimatization* are also worthy of all praise and of imitation. Their aim is the introduction into France and its dependencies, of all the natural productions, animal as well as vegetable, susceptible of this transplantation. The casoar—which M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire styles the "butcher-bird," because its flesh suffices for the dinner of a dozen men—the ostrich, and the lama, are among the new species that promise to become domesticated in France, through the intelligent efforts of this Society. The last number of the Society's journal contains an interesting account of the success which has attended his experiment in the training of a lama, by M. Galmiche, Inspector of Woods and Forests at Ramiremont (Vosges). The animal having been sent to him by the branch Society of Nancy, M. Galmiche had it taken to the farm of St. Mont, at an altitude of 650 metres above the level of the sea. After a few days' rest, during which the lama's appetites and disposition were carefully watched, it was sheared, as its fleece was evidently an incumbrance to it, on account of the heat; and it was then put to some light work, principally the carrying of forage, not exceeding sixty pounds in weight, from the bottom of the wood to the farm, a distance of about half a mile. After each trip, it was sent back to the stable to be fed; but as it evidently preferred nibbling grass by the wayside to feeding from the rack, it was left to do as it pleased. The stable door was left open all night, so that the animal could go in and out as he pleased, and it was found that it preferred sleeping in the open air. All restraint was discontinued, a bell being tied round its neck, so that it could be found when wanted. It grew strong and fat, and seemed perfectly contented. During the winter it was made to go to Remisemont daily, in the deepest snow, and in the worst weather, returning with a load of from 80 to 100 pounds of brick, manure, &c. Although the distance is not more than four miles, the lama used to remain several hours with the load on its back, because its driver had to visit his traps for moles and weasels on his way. The animal has often carried ladies and children on its back; and is extremely tame and sure-footed. It prefers the coldest air to the confined atmosphere of the stable; and lies down to ruminate, after feeding, even when the ground is covered with snow. His work is equal to that of a small ass; it need not be shod, as its foot never slips, even upon ice. It will not eat grain, nor the bark or branches of trees; but feeds exclusively upon grass.—Its keep is equal to that of three sheep, and costs about 2d. a day. Its fleece weighs about 7 pounds, but it cannot be fulled like sheep's wool, and when used for textile purposes, the warp of the stuff should be cotton.

CRUEL SCIENCE.

Admirable as are the French in turning Science and Art to the service of everyday life, their way of pushing a theory to its extreme development, regardless of the practical inconveniences so often resulting from this sort of unyielding logical obstinacy, leads them often to the commission of great practical wrong, and renders them perhaps as cruel a people as exists, despite their easy, superficial good humor and politeness. The experiments of Majendie and his pupil, Brown-Sequard, in the cutting out of organs and tendons from living birds, animals, insects, and fishes, for the sake of advancing anatomical and physiological science, have been strongly condemned as both cruel and unnecessary by the highest medical authorities of England and of the rest of Europe; but the French persist in carrying them on, the most atrocious cruelties being petpetrated, every week, in the veterinary colleges of France, especially in the great establishments of Alfort and Lyons, where the pupils are regularly instructed in surgery by cutting up living horses. This fiendish lesson is given regularly twice a week: when the doomed horse is cast, and is then subjected to all sorts of surgical operations, such as firing, neurotomy, cutting away pieces of the cartilage of the foot, operating as for stone in the bladder, extirpating the parotid and other glands, or the eyes, or any organs that forceps can pull, or knives and saws can reach! Steel, and fingers guided by stony hearts, invade the poor animal at all points; these operations on the same horse lasting from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, unless, indeed, the poor animal escapes from the diabolical torments inflicted upon him, by dying in the meantime. Strong and repeated observations have already been addressed to the powers that be, by the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but in vain, although vivisection is condemned everywhere but in France, as absolutely unnecessary to the successful cultivation of the veterinary art.

ARISTOCRATIC WEDDING.

A pleasanter subject is the grand wedding which has just taken place at Knowsley, the splendid seat of the handsome, clever, and popular aristocrat, the Earl of Derby, the scene of the recent brilliant volunteer review. The Earl's daughter, Lady Emma Stanley was the bride, the bridegroom being the Hon. Col. Talbot, younger son of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The wedding-party consisted almost exclusively of the relatives of the young pair, including a long array of noble names on both sides. There were eight carriages, five belonging to the Earl of Derby, and three to the Earl of Sefton. A porch was erected at the door of the village church, gaily decorated with flowers, reaching across the road; under this shelter were ranged 20 girls from the school supported by Lady Derby. The bride's attire was simple, but very rich; white silk, covered with white lace, and the whole trimmed with green. The six noble bridesmaids were also in white; their cloaks and bonnets being trimmed with edging and knots of the favorite shade, "Magenta." Earl Derby being confined to his room with gout, Lord Stanley gave his sister away. The bride's uncle, Rev. Frank Hopwood, officiated; the church being crammed with all the "respectability" of the country side, principally ladies, and all, say eye-witnesses, "beautifully dressed." When the ceremony was over, the new couple, and the family party, got into their carriages, and drove back to Knowsley Hall, where the grandest of lunches was served in the great banquetting-hall; and when the lunch, the toasts, and the good-wishing had had their way, the new pair drove off to Blythe Hall, the seat of Mrs. Wilbraham, Lady Emma's aunt, where they are spending their honey-moon.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

Dear lady readers! would you like to know the presents that were made to the bride on the "happy occasion?" As your reply is scarcely doubtful, I give the list of bridal gifts, furnished for your edification by an unimpeachable authority!

The Earl of Derby gave her a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and a bracelet, composed of diamonds and emeralds. The Countess of Derby, a necklace, brooch, and bracelet, to match, of diamonds, pearls, and rubies. Lord Stanley gave his pretty sister a model dressing-case, whose stoppers, fittings, and toilet accessories are in solid gold. The Queen's aunt, the old Duchess of Cambridge, gave her young favorite a costly Indian scarf, brocaded with silver. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimer, gave her a gold clock. Fat, pleasant, and kindly Princess Mary of Cambridge presented her with a splendid pair of white china stands. Countess of Sefton, a magnificent locket; Duke of Buccleugh, a large brooch of ameythists, pearls, and diamonds; his duchess, a ruby ring. The Earl of Dalkeith gave a case of gold spoons, forks, &c. The Marquis of Exeter presented a diamond cross; the Earl of Hardwicke, a necklace of pearls and gold; the Earl of Chesterfield, a handsome work-box, composed of old china, set in gold, with coral fittings; Lord Skelmersdale, a gold bracelet, set with torquoises; Marchioness of Clanricarde, a beautiful set of ornaments; Marchioness of Aylesbury, a silver basket; Countess of Jersey, a gold bracelet, set with diamonds and torquoises; Earl of Winchester, a large clock of ebony and silver; Lady Cremorne, gold and coral earrings; Lady Constance Grosvenor, (the lovely lily-like daughter of the Duke of Sunderland,) brooch and ear-rings of coral and gold; Marquis of Salisbury, the considerable gift of a handsome silver tea-kettle; Marchioness of Salisbury, a ring of diamonds and rubies; Lady Cecilia Molyneux, a music-book, (an appropriate gift, by the way, for a *Cecilia*;) the bride's cousin, the Hon. Miss Wilbraham, a ring set with opals; Hon. F. Stanley, a writing-book and inkstand, with gold and enamel fittings; Hon. Mrs. Bootle Wilbraham, a diamond locket; Col. Wilbraham, a large casket, set in oak and gold, for Indian shawls; Miss Stanley, writing materials, in a splendid case of oak and silver; Miss de Rothschild, two figures in massive gold. It seems that the upper servants at the hall requested, and obtained, permission to offer presents to the bride, though of what these consisted, I have been unable to learn.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

The Earl is a great favorite with all classes of his countrymen; he is handsome, chivalrous, very clever, and a capital talker; proud, but kind, and most perfectly "the gentleman." He is a great favorite with the Queen, as everybody knows, and his presence at Court is always a welcome relief to the somewhat monotonous etiquette of that exalted region. His brilliant parliamentary eloquence, his fondness and "knowingness" in regard to horses, racing, and sports of all kinds, his liberality and kindness to the tenants on his immense estates, all concur to render him a marked favorite of the English people, despite his adherence to an exploded political creed, which, however, he holds under a greatly modified form. Lord Stanley, his son and heir, is a warm and earnest liberal; only deterred from taking a prominent part in active political life, through affectionate deference for his father, whose views are diametrically opposite to his own. The English aristocracy being an open body, more than nine-tenths of whose members have been recruited, more or less recently, from the working brains and sinew of the nation, is not regarded by the bulk of their countrymen as being of any different extraction from themselves; and so far from the jealousy or envy of their less fortunate fellow-subjects being excited by their superior advantages, the English people, as a whole, appreciate and admire the refinement, liberality, and brilliance of a man like the Earl of Derby, whose personal qualities are so fully on a level with the splendor of his fortunes. This absence of envious hatred towards persons more fortunate than themselves, however it may occasionally be alloyed by dunkeyism and snobyism, is indisputably one of the soundest and healthiest, as well as most amiable traits in the English national character; and one which contrasts most strikingly, and most favorably, with the morbid and irritable hatred and envy with which, as a rule, the French regard the possession of a fortune superior to their own. It is true that the French are a far less generous people than their neighbors, especially among the richer classes, whereas, for many centuries, the upper classes in England, with all their faults and shortcomings, have abounded, in the main, in acts of personal kindness to their inferiors. Proof of this assertion would be forthcoming, if need were, that would fill volumes; the length of this letter only permitting me to add one incident among the innumerable similar ones that might easily be adduced, and to relate how the late Lord Panmure, when only the Hon. Wm. Maule, use to delight in doing good by stealth, bestowing charity on the poor cotters in his part of the country, without allowing them to know whose hand bestowed the welcome gifts. For instance, on one occasion, in the guise of a gaberlunzie, or beggar, he entered the cottage of an old woman at Muirdrum, with his wallet, well filled with oat-meal, slung over his shoulder. On asking charity, he was at once supplied with a handful of oat-meal, and invited to rest himself. On talking with the old woman, he found that she was really very poor, and soon persuaded her to buy the meal in his wallet at half price. Shortly after he had left the cottage, the old woman began to examine her bargain, when, to her great surprise, she found in the meal a goodly mixture of sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns. Conceiving the poor "gaberlunzie" to have made his "meal-pock" his cash-box also, she run after him, shouting at the top of her voice, "Hoy, hoy, man! ye've left a' yer siller ama' the meal ye selt me!" but the more she shouted, the faster did the beggar walk on, when she gave up the chase, and returned home, telling her neighbors of the strange bargain she had made, and much alarmed as to whether her luck was honestly come by. At last, one, more sagacious than the rest, gave it as his opinion that the beggar man could be no other than Maister Willie Maule, and the old woman began to rejoice in the belief that her windfall was a free gift from the generous hand that had benefited so many, and enjoyed her welcome treasure without any more scruples of conscience.

Whether the enormous differences in wealth and wellbeing produced by the action of our modern societies in all "civilized" countries now-a-days, as in the forms of society that have preceded them, be right and beneficial, is another question; but, granting that these differences *do* exist, it may be doubted whether any class of men have ever, as a class used their privileges of birth and station, on the whole, more kindly and generously than the proud and splendid aristocracy of England.

QUANTUM.

☞ A gentleman, who had been victimized by a notorious borrower, who always forgot to pay, called him one of the most promising men of his acquaintance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ANOTHER AND MORE SPLENDID ENGRAVING!

TWO LARGE AND VALUABLE WORKS AS PREMIUMS!

SPLENDID STORIES! INSTRUCTIVE SKETCHES! SOLID INFORMATION!

In laying their Prospectus again before the public the Proprietors of "THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES" need enter upon no long array of promises. They may simply state, that they design making THE POST for the future what it has been for the past, a repository alike of delightful amusement and equally entertaining instruction. Interesting Stories and choice Sketches by

THE BEST WRITERS,

will always be found in THE POST. Our Stories for the last year have been generally acknowledged to be of the most interesting character; and we design not to allow any falling off in this respect—though any improvement is hardly possible. But THE POST also aims to instruct; it contains weekly

An Agricultural Department,
Choice Receipts,
Domestic and Foreign News,
The Markets and Bank Note List,
Letter from Paris,
Miscellaneous Information, &c.

But to see exactly what THE POST is, write for A SAMPLE NUMBER, which will be sent gratis to any one desirous of subscribing for a weekly paper. By the following list of terms you will see that THE POST is not only the *BEST*, but the *CHEAPEST OF THE WEEKLIES!* and that we offer

SPLENDID PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS!

OUR ENGRAVING PREMIUM—A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE.—Our Engraving Premium this year is the celebrated Steel Plate Engraving of

"A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME."

This Engraving was first issued by the LONDON ART UNION. It is 36 inches long by 24 inches wide—contains from 30 to 40 figures, and is one of the handsomest Engravings now before the American and British public. The publisher's price for it (sold by canvassers) is Five Dollars.

OUR BOOK PREMIUMS.—These are two: LIPPINCOTT'S FAMOUS PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD, and the equally famous WEBSTER'S NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY. Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, is a work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,183 closely printed pages, and contains an IMMENSE MASS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe. Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. *No family should be without it.*

TERMS OF THE POST.

Single copy,	$3.00 a year
2 copies,	3.00 "
1 copy of the Post and Arthur's Magazine,	3.00 "
4 copies,	5.00 "
8 "	10.00 "
13 "	15.00 "
20 "	20.00 "

To the getter-up of a club of 8, or either of the larger clubs, we send a copy *gratis*.

The Post and our Premium Engraving.

For one copy of THE POST yearly, and one of the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," $5.00

For a club of *thirty* copies of THE POST, and *Thirty* Dollars, we will send as a PREMIUM the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," *gratis*.

For a club of *forty*, and *Forty* Dollars, we will send the Engraving, and a copy extra of THE POST also.

☞ Any member of a club can have the Engraving sent to him on the payment of Three Dollars extra. The Engraving will be wrapped carefully on a roller, and the postage prepaid. Every pains will be taken to insure its safe transmission.

The Post and our Book Premiums.

We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year, and give a copy of either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer, for Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and TEN DOLLARS, WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE ABOVE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1.50 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

The price of these works in the stores varies from $6 to $6,50 apiece.

Or we will give a copy of the ENGRAVING as a PREMIUM in the place of either of the Books.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 312 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

LOOK OUT FOR HUMBUGS.

We have good reasons for offering a word of special caution to our readers "about these days." At least half a dozen schemes for extensive swindling have come to our knowledge during the past month. "Private" and "Confidential" circulars by the million, are now being manufactured in this city. Great numbers of these are daily sent off, but the business is to be largely increased as soon as the excitement of the Presidential election is over. There is scarcely a family in the United States or British Provinces, whose Post Office address is not recorded in from one to a dozen establishments in some of our large cities, and tempting, plausible circulars will be sent through the mails to them, offering all sorts of inducements to get their money.

In lottery and gift enterprises there is nothing new to be specially noted—each scheme no matter how tempting, is so much of the character of a hundred others that have gone before, that it is surprising how there can be found foolish persons enough to keep these humbugs alive.

One of the most wily schemes to be pushed this autumn and winter, is the offer of so-called gold articles, such as magnificent "gold pencils," pens, etc. A few statistics obtained at one of the manufactories of these articles, show that they are being turned out by the ten thousand. A "gold pen and magnificent case," is stamped out of some cheap metal, and then galvanized over with the thinnest possible film of gold. The whole is done so skillfully, that the common observer will find it utterly impossible to distinguish between a bona fide article worth $3 to $6, and the bogus one costing 6 to 15 cents! The outside film of gold, though less than the two-hundred-thousandth part of an inch in thickness, is yet enough to cover up the inside base metal, and protect it from the usual acid test, while the filling of cheap metal prevents detecting the deception by the weight. We have seen a pen and case that cost 16 cents to manufacture, that was offered as a $3 premium or "gift" and no one but a practical goldsmith or jeweller could detect the deception. The same remark applies to various other gilded (not gold) articles.

These humbugs, and many others, were so thoroughly exposed in our previous volume, that we have deemed little on this topic to be needed during the present year. It now looks as if it would be soon necessary to again go into a regular overhauling and exposure of a lot of new "humbug enterprises."

Let it be remembered, first, that the more splendid and plausible the scheme held out to the public, the greater is the concealed deception; and second, that if one is led to open a correspondence with these humbug operators, even out of curiosity only, there are ten chances to one that the "wool will be pulled over his eyes," and that, in the end, he will be "taken in and done for."—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

☞ An English Friend in a recent work says: "In 1658 there was not a Quaker living who did not believe Quakerism to be the only true church of the living God. In 1858, there is not a Quaker living who does believe it!"

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The returns come in slowly—especially from the Southern States—though the success of Mr. Lincoln was known the next day after the election. The States that have voted for LINCOLN and HAMLIN are the following:—

Maine,	8	Brought up,	49
New Hampshire,	5	New York,	35
Vermont,	5	Pennsylvania,	27
Massachusetts,	13	Ohio,	23
Connecticut,	6	Illinois,	11
Rhode Island,	4	Indiana,	13
Iowa,	4	Wisconsin,	5
Minnesota,	4	Michigan,	6
	49	Total,	169

The States that have voted for BRECKINRIDGE and LANE are:—

New Jersey, (fusion)	2	Brought up,	49
Delaware,	3	Georgia,	10
Maryland,	8	Mississippi	7
Virginia,	15	Alabama,	9
North Carolina,	10	Louisiana,	6
South Carolina,	8	Arkansas,	4
Florida,	3	Texas,	4
	49	Total,	89

The States that have voted for BELL and EVERETT are:—

Kentucky,	12
Tennessee,	13
New Jersey, (fusion)	3
Missouri,	9
Total,	35

The States that have voted for DOUGLAS and JOHNSON are:—

New Jersey (fusion)	3

The two Pacific States, California and Oregon, have not yet been heard from.

RECAPITULATION.

Whole number of electoral votes	303
Necessary to a choice	152
Lincoln and Hamlin have	169
Breckinridge and Lane	89
Bell and Everett	35
Douglas and Johnson	3
Not heard from (California and Oregon)	7

We class the States from the best information we have—though Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee appear yet to be somewhat doubtful.

MAINE.—The Republican majority is said to be about 20,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The State, except 13 small towns, gives Lincoln 37,052; Douglas 25,267; Breckinridge 3,092; Bell 396. Lincoln over all 9,295.

VERMONT.—The Republican majority is about 11,000.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The complete vote on the electoral ticket stands as follows:

Lincoln,	106,272	Bell,	21,831
Douglas,	33,889	Breckinridge,	5,094
Lincoln over all,			46,508.

The vote for Governor is as follows:

Andrew (Rep.)	102,646	Beach (Doug.)	33,976
Lawrence (Bell)	22,362	Butler (Breck.)	5,736
Andrew over all,			40,572

The Republican Congressmen are all elected, save Burlingame, who is defeated by Appleton (Fusion) by a small majority.

CONNECTICUT.—Full returns make the vote of the State for President 76,239, of which Lincoln has 42,308, Douglas 15,942, Breckinridge 14,882, Bell 1,421, and Fusion 1,676; Lincoln's majority over all, 8,387; plurality over Douglas, 26,366.—Douglas leads Breckinridge 1,060.

RHODE ISLAND.—Lincoln's majority is about 4,500.

NEW YORK.—The vote in New York city was

Fusion ticket,	60,845
Lincoln "	32,241
Fusion majority,	28,604

The Republican majority in the State will probably be about 47,000.

The Congressional delegation will stand: Republicans 24; Democrats 9. In present Congress, Republicans 25; Democrats 5; American 1; Anti-Lecompton 2.

NEW JERSEY.—The returns are incomplete. The Fusion ticket (3 Douglas, 2 Breckinridge, and 2 Bell,) has probably carried the State by about 2,000 majority over Lincoln. The 3 Douglas electors were also on a straight Douglas ticket, and have about 4,000 majority.

The Congressional delegation will stand 3 Democrats to 2 Republicans. Pennington (Republican, and Speaker of the House of Representatives,) is defeated by 194 majority.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The vote of Philadelphia is

Lincoln,	99,228
Reading Fusion ticket,	21,868
Straight Douglas,	9,264
Bell,	7,122
Lincoln's majority over all,	976

The Republican majority in the State over the Reading ticket is very large—and over all probably from 45,000 to 50,000.

DELAWARE.—The complete vote of Newcastle and Kent, and partial returns from Sussex, foot up as follows:

Breckinridge,	6,147
Lincoln,	3,751
Bell,	3,273
Douglas,	992
Breckinridge's plurality over Lincoln,	2,396

Fisher (People's Party) is elected to Congress by 248 majority.

MARYLAND.—The vote is close, but Breckinridge has probably about 465 plurality over Bell.

VIRGINIA.—The indications are that Breckinridge has carried the State by a small plurality.

NORTH CAROLINA.—This State has gone for Breckinridge—majority not ascertained.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Legislature have elected Breckinridge electors.

ALABAMA.—Breckinridge's plurality is said to be fully 10,000.

FLORIDA.—Breckinridge's majority is estimated at 4,000.

MISSISSIPPI.—Breckinridge's majority is not stated.

GEORGIA.—Official returns from seventy-nine counties in the State of Georgia sum up as follows: Mr. Breckinridge 35,130; Mr. Bell 34,180; and Mr. Douglas 10,104.

MICHIGAN.—Lincoln's majority is said to be 35,000—all the Republican Congressmen elected.

ILLINOIS.—In forty-eight counties Lincoln's majority is 38,800. The Republican State officers are chosen; four Republicans and five Democratic Congressmen. The Republicans have carried the Legislature.

TEXAS.—Breckinridge's majority is said to be very large.

MISSOURI.—Fifty-four counties in Missouri give the following vote:—

Bell,	14,428
Douglas,	32,000
Breckinridge,	14,976
Lincoln,	13,456

Bell probably will carry the State from 5,000 to 7,000 plurality.

WISCONSIN.—Lincoln's majority is said to be 38,000—all the Republican Congressmen elected.

MINNESOTA.—Lincoln's majority not given.

TENNESSEE.—Bell's plurality about 2,000.

LOUISIANA.—Breckinridge's plurality is said to be about 3,000.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The returns are as yet too imperfect for accuracy. Some authorities say the next House of Representatives will stand

Republicans,	108
Opposition, (Breck., Bell and Douglas)	128
Opposition majority,	20

The Senate, it is said, will stand as follows:—

Opposition, (Dem. and Bell)	30
Republicans,	24
Opposition majority,	6

☞ HOW CORALS WORK.—Prof. Agassiz, in a recent lecture, thus described the manner in which corals multiply and grow:

It is not unlike the growth and multiplication of trees from buds and seeds. The corals lay eggs, which hatch, and the young swim about like shoals of herring, until they find a place suitable for them, where they alight, fasten themselves and commence to multiply and build.

☞ Every man must of necessity have a master, and so you had better be your own.

☞ It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

SECESSION MOVEMENTS.

The Senate of South Carolina has voted to call a State Convention on the 17th of December, delegates to be elected on December 6th.

Several Federal officers have resigned in Charleston, S. C., and the Florida Judge of the Supreme Court. The Charleston Collector has not resigned.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, in his message to the Legislature of that State, opposes secession, but advocates retaliatory legislation.

The formation of corps of minute men is in progress in several of the Southern States—especially South Carolina and Georgia.

A dispatch, apparently semi-official, from Washington, says that there is not the slightest fear felt, in official quarters, that the citizens of any part of the South will attempt to seize the forts or any other government property, as of course such action would not be tolerated by the authorities. The resignation of the Federal officers in Charleston and other Southern cities, is of no effect until said resignations have been accepted by the President, and it is his purpose to give them time to reconsider their action. No meeting of the Cabinet had yet been held relative to Southern difficulties.

The Colonial flag of Georgia has been raised on Gen. Green's monument in Georgia, in presence of an immense multitude, which was addressed by several speakers.

The Palmetto flag has been run up in Charleston, and the barque Gray, owned by the Cushings of Boston, had hoisted the Palmetto flag.

It was reported in Charleston that President Buchanan would resist nullification, but not secession; on the other hand, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:—"I am informed, by a confidential friend of the President, that he will enforce every Federal law in any place South *where it may be violated*. He takes the position that the Government has done nothing to cause secession, and is determined that every law shall be carried out during his administration."

A despatch has been received by the Speaker of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, tendering the services of a number of Virginia volunteers, in the event of the secession of South Carolina.

A Northern man named Thayer, a Homœopathic doctor in Augusta, Ga., was charged with uttering abolition sentiments, and forced to fly to save his life.

Reports are circulating in the South about the burning of the Tribune office, and of battles in New York between Republicans and Democrats. All "roorbacks."

Lincoln has been burned in effigy in Florida, near the Navy Yard.

It is said that the steamer "Keystone State" from this city, had to haul down the "stars and stripes," and run up the Palmetto flag, before her arrival at Charleston.

AUGUSTA, GA., Nov. 10.—Senator Toombs, of Georgia, and Chesnut, of South Carolina, have resigned.

The South Carolina banks are being drained of their specie by the sending back of their notes from the other States. A bill has therefore passed the House of that State, providing for the postponement of the operation of the Act requiring banks to have one-third in gold and silver to two-thirds of their issue.

The Georgia Legislature have postponed the election of a U. S. Senator, on the ground that a speedy election would look as if Georgia acquiesced in Mr. Lincoln's election.

A bill was then introduced, heavily taxing manufactured articles from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin and other States nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. Also, preventing *the citizens of offending States from sueing in the Courts of Georgia.*

A ROMANTIC STORY.—The St. Louis papers tell a strange story of one John Hardwick, a Pittsburg mechanic. In 1853, he went to California, leaving a wife and two children behind. Reaching the land of gold, he dug a pile, which his partner stole from him. Then he fell sick, and recovered only to find himself quite impoverished, feeble, discouraged. He wrote frequently to his wife: she did not receive his letters, nor did any from her reach him. He concluded that she was glad to be rid of him, so he began to to dig again. In the meantime, the wife mourned for him as for one dead, then naturally married again and removed to St. Louis. Her first children died, and she bore two more to the second husband, who, after a time, died also. Within a month Hardwick, the California adventurer, having accumulated a fortune, came toward the East, travelling by the overland route. Stopping in St. Louis, he walked about the city, looking at the town. While so engaged, he met his wife. "Mutual explanations" followed. The dead children received the tribute of paternal tears, and the new ones were welcomed with affection. Then a clergyman united the pair for the second time, and all parties soon left St. Louis.

GOVERNOR LETCHER'S RECENT VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA.—The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says:—"The prompt notice taken by Gov. Letcher of a note addressed to him from Cincinnati—said to be from the same person who informed Secretary Floyd of the John Brown raid, some time before it occurred—is mentioned in another part of to-day's Gazette. Governor Letcher visited this city in connection with this information, and it was by his advice that the military of this city, last week, resumed their nightly drill, to be in readiness for efficient service whenever called upon. It is needless to say that no apprehension whatever is entertained of any movement calling for military interference, and that the advice of the Governor was only to make 'assurance doubly sure.'"

MISS DAVENPORT MARRIED.—A San Francisco letter of the 17th, to the New York World, says:—"The gallant Colonel F. W. Lander, of overland wagon road expedition celebrity, has just been joined in the bands of wedlock with the distinguished and favorite actress, Miss Jean M. Davenport. The Rev. Thomas Starr King officiated at the ceremony, which took place in this city on Saturday evening. The happy couple started immediately on an overland expedition to San Jose, to pass the honeymoon at one of the delightful retreats in that valley. It is understood that Mrs. Lander will retire from the stage immediately upon the completion of her present engagements on the Atlantic side."

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.—The news is to October 31st. The news of the State elections in the East had much depressed the Democrats, and infused great vigor into the Republicans. The result was considered doubtful.

Recent intelligence from Oregon says that the account of the late massacre of emigrants by the Snake Indians, was much exaggerated.

Col. Wright had received positive information that all but 11 of the train had arrived at the settlements in safety, and strong hopes were entertained of the escape of the 11 that had become separated from the main body.

☞ Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

☞ The lady who fell back on herdignity, came near breaking it.

THE BANDIT.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

Whoever, said the "old soldier," has made the journey over the Appenines, between Sulmona and the Castle di Sangro, will remember the remarkable Piano di Cinque Miglie, or Plain of Five Miles. This plain is about five miles in length, and varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile in breadth. It is situated on the very summit of the Appenines, some four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is a perfect table of land, flat and smooth as a pond, with the tops of the different hills just rising like a parapet a few feet above it on either hand.

It was in the month of November, 184–, that I was sent as a bearer of despatches from the colonel of my regiment, then stationed at Sulmona, to the general commanding at Castle di Sangro. The journey was a dismal one to me; for, besides being a cold, cheerless, disagreeable season of the year, when a snow-tempest might be looked for at any moment, my way led up through the robber-haunted Vall' Oscura (Dark Valley,) and across the now bleak and desolate Piano di Cinque Miglie; and I thought if I should escape Giacomo Ranieri's bandits, a *tourmente* on the plain, and the hungry packs of wolves that at this season almost run mad with hunger, I might consider myself lucky enough to take a venture in almost anything.

Well, the sun, long obscured by ill-omened clouds, wanted three hours of setting, when I spurred my horse up the last ramp, and stood upon the Five Mile Plain, at the other end of which was a small village, called Rocca Rosa, where in case of necessity I could get lodgings for the night. I stopped my horse to give him a little breath, preparatory to making a quick ride of it across the plain, when I was surprised and not altogether pleased to see another horseman spur up behind me. He was a rather good-looking man, in a citizen's dress, and seemed to be merely a traveller; but still, as my despatches were important, and the times troublesome, and strangers to be looked on with suspicion, I would rather have been allowed to make the ride alone, dreary as it was. Besides, where had the stranger come from so suddenly? His horse seemed perfectly fresh, as if it had not just ascended one of the most difficult acclivities in the world, while mine stood panting in a temperature that made me shiver. Now if this stranger had come up from the Vall' Oscura, his horse was a marvel; and if not, he was no traveller—for there was no other route for an honest man to take; so I quietly loosened my pistols in their holsters, and thought to myself, in case they were not needed, I should like to become the owner of that wonderful beast.

"Comrade," said the stranger, in a frank, off-hand manner, tipping his hat and smiling, "I was once a soldier, but am now a traveller. If agreeable, I should like your company to Castle di Sangro."

"How do you know I am going there?" returned I, in a cold, repellant tone.

"I didn't—I only say I am, and would like your company. All's one, though, if you prefer to ride alone."

"I fear my beast would be sorry company for yours, however their masters might agree. There is a wide difference between the two animals. Mine is almost blown, and yours looks as if just from the stall."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger, pleasantly; "I see you do not give me credit for spurring out of yonder thicket and dropping below the brow of the hill before you observed me."

"That looks suspicious."

"So it does; but, jesting aside, I was ahead of you, saw you ascending, wanted company, felt suspicious like yourself, hid myself for you to pass, and then resolved to join you without exciting your suspicion, in which I did not succeed. Is the explanation satisfactory? or shall I ride on again?"

"I will trust you," said I.

We rode on, side by side, for something like a mile, conversing pleasantly—but I kept a furtive glance upon every movement of my strange companion. I knew not why, but I did not feel altogether at my ease. There was something peculiar in his looks, in the expression of his face in repose, and I could not avoid a kind of instinctive suspicion. I fancied he was a deep and cunning man, who could mask his feelings when he chose, and there might be a sinister design in all he did.

Suddenly, as quick almost as a flash of lightning, we were struck by a wind that almost took us from our horses, and which made the beasts reel and stagger like drunken men.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the stranger; "we are caught in a *tourmente!*"

In a few minutes, amid the howling and shrieking of the most terrific wind I ever experienced, the air became filled and grew dark with large flakes of snow, which whirled and surged around us like the waters of a maelstrom. The howling and shrieking winds seemed rather to increase than diminish, and the most violent exertions of an hour scarcely took us forward to the centre of this awful plain. Tall posts had been all the way erected at short intervals to guide the traveller through just such a storm, but already we began to lose sight of them. Another hour brought us to the verge of despair. Night was rapidly drawing on, and by this time we could no longer see our way. Horses and riders were at times completely buried in the drifts, and our guide-posts were lost altogether. Then we began to wander, we knew not whither, our poor beasts doing their best till the balling of their hoofs caused them to stumble and fall. Convinced by this that they could no longer serve us, we now attempted to plunge through the snow on foot and lead the animals; and we continued thus for another half-hour, unable to say whether we were advancing, retracing our steps, or moving about in a circle.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried my companion; "we shall never escape alive! Hark! there go the wolves."

Above the shriekings and yellings of the storm-spirits (for such they seemed) I now heard that prolonged, dismal howl which has made the blood curdle in the veins of more than one poor benighted traveller. It was answered here and there and yonder, and then in chorus, and we knew that packs of hungry wolves were gathering all around us; and we also knew that when in numbers, and pressed by famine, as they always were at this season, they would attack either man or beast.

Nearer and nearer came the howls of our enemies: and in less than half an hour, amid the darkness of settled night, we could catch here and there the terrible gleam of the fiery eyes of the boldest of the pack. We continued a short time longer to struggle through the snow and half drag our frightened horses after us, and then I became convinced that, to save our own lives, we should be obliged to abandon them to our enemies. As soon as I could get close to my companion—for we could scarcely distinguish a word a few paces distant—I made the suggestion and asked his advice.

"I fear we shall be compelled to do it," he answered; "and I prize the life of my gallant beast almost as much as my own. But the pack is constantly augmenting, and the courage of the brutes increases with numbers. Every moment I fancy they get nearer to us, and one unlucky stumble may be fatal to both. We will try the virtue of firing into them, however, before we give up all hope of saving our animals."

The next moment the report of his pistol was followed by a wild howl of fear, and a scattering back of the cowardly crew; but in a couple of minutes they faced us again, seeming more resolute and determined than ever. It was a fearful thing to see their fiery eyeballs gleaming in a circle around us, and hear their wild, discordant cries, commingled with the roaring, shrieking tempest.

Following the example of my companion, I drew one of my pistols, and, pointing it toward the nearest, fired. The same result as before. There were cries as of pain, rage, and fear, and a momentary scattering of the affrighted band; and then they were about us again, as defiant and menacing as ever.

There was no help for it—our horses must be sacrificed—and most fortunate would it be for us if even this should save us. We got together again, and, taking hold of hands, swore, by our honor as soldiers, to stand by each other to the last. Then we threw the bridles to the winds, and, still keeping hold of hands, plunged onward through the opposing drifts and driving storm.

We had advanced but a few paces, however, when our ears were pierced by most unearthly shrieks, and yells, and groans, and furious gnashings; and then we knew that the hungry monsters were at their bloody work, and that our poor, forsaken beasts would never bear us again. Now or never was our chance for escape, and manfully did we struggle forward. Reaching a spot from which the wind had gathered up the snow, leaving for some distance a clear, open path, we had the satisfaction of finding the guide-post, and therefore of knowing we were going right; and pushing forward as rapidly as we could, we gained a point where the glimmering lights of Rocca Rosa made our hearts bound with hope and joy.

But our dangers were not yet over; for scarcely had we reached the point alluded to, when we once more heard the wolves howling near us. Our horses were already devoured, and some of the beasts were satiated, but the first assailants had been joined by others, fresh from the mountains; and we knew that these latter, by having, perhaps, a mere taste of blood, would be more bold and furious than the former.

"There is a small chapel this side of the village," said my companion, "and if we can reach that, we shall be safe for the night; let us make a last run for it."

We bounded forward with all our might, and soon found ourselves plunged out of sight in an enormous drift. We scrambled through it as fast as we could; but before we were fairly clear of it, the foremost wolf was upon us, his eyes glaring, his teeth gnashing, and his breath panting. I drew my pistol and snapped it. It did not fire. But the noise startled him, and he sprang aside a little, only to press forward again when he found he was not hurt and that he was supported by numbers. I snapped my pistol again, and again it missed fire, and this time the furious beast scarcely turned his head. I do believe he would have seized me, facing him as I was, if my companion had not been more successful in his attempt to shoot. His pistol was discharged in his very face, and he fell back, howling with the pain of his wound, and, in less than a minute, was torn to pieces by his cowardly and ungrateful associates.

This diversion in our favor gave us time to clear the drift and draw near the chapel, before our blood-thirsty pursuers again advanced in a body; and running now with all our speed, we sprang, into the cold, naked building, and closed the door just in time to save our lives.

We spent the night there, and a horrible night it proved. We could only keep from freezing to death by walking up and down the building, and slapping our arms across our breasts. And all night long the tempest moaned and shrieked, and the hungry wolves howled and gnashed their teeth around us. We said little to each other, for neither felt inclined to talk; and when, at last, our weary eyes looked upon the grey of morning, I know of one who fervently thanked God for deliverance. With daylight the wolves slunk away to the mountains, and I proposed to my companion to set off with me to the village, where we should be refreshed with wood and fire.

"No," he replied, "I must go back."

"But surely not now, across that terrible plain!"

"Yes," he rejoined, compressing his lips, "I have no friends in the village."

"But there is an inn there, open to any traveller who has wherewith to pay."

"My friend," he rejoined, laying his hand on my shoulder and looking at me in a peculiar manner, "may I trust you with a secret, on your honor as a soldier?"

"Yes, comrade."

"Swear it!"

"I do!"

"Then tell no one you have been the night-long companion of Giacomo Ranieri."

"*You!*" cried I, in amazement and alarm; "*you* that dreaded captain of banditti?"

"Even so, my friend; but I have the honor of a soldier, that you will not betray me. Listen! You think this storm has been a misfortune to you; but, on the contrary, it has been your salvation. I joined you to murder you, secure your dispatches, and take your place as a courier. The storm foiled my design; for why murder you when I needed your aid to save myself? I am not devoid of honor, and the man who has done me a service is secure of my protection. Accept, therefore, this silver ring, and wear it: and if you are ever assailed by any of my band, you have only to show that to secure yourself a safe escort. And now adieu—we separate here—our ways are different."

He set off, walking rapidly, and soon a hillock of snow concealed him from my view. I never saw him again. Some time during the following year he was killed by some villagers, to whom, by his murderous depredations, he had become an object of terror.

I went forward that morning, thinking how curious are the ways of Providence; and many a time since, when some apparent misfortune has overtaken me, I have secretly wondered if it were not a part of some hidden design of the Almighty, working for my good.

MODELS OF EXTINCT ANIMALS IN THE GARDENS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AS RESTORED BY MR. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F. G. S.

Mosasaurus. Pterodactyles. Iguanodon. Dycynodons. Hylæosaurus. Iguanodon. Labyrinthodon. Teleosauri. Megalosaurus. Plesiosaurus. Labyrinthodon. Pterodactyles. Ichthyosaurus.

EXTINCT ANIMALS.

The investigations of modern science have already resulted in the discovery of many important facts in connection with the structure and physical features of our earth. It has been long known that the great masses of plants and animals distributed over the earth's surface are adapted to the particular regions in which they are found, and that by removal they are deteriorated, and finally destroyed; but it remained for the geologists of the present day to establish the fact, that the condition of the earth had undergone, during a long series of ages, some very remarkable changes, and exhibited unequivocal evidence of organic life singularly unlike that which surrounds us now. Geology traces the various changes which the earth has undergone, and shows, that in precisely the same manner as particular animals and vegetables are now confined to precise limits, so, through each successive change through which the earth has passed, the delicate machinery of animal and vegetable life has been adapted to its various conditions.

In furnishing our readers with a brief sketch of some of the most interesting specimens of the extinct races, it is not necessary to enter further on the subject of geological formations than to show how these have affected animal life. The great geological periods we may divide into four ages:—1. The age of fishes; 2, the age of reptiles; 3, the age of mammals; 4, the age of man. The fishes belong to those sections of the earth's crust comprising the Devonian and Silurian, upper and lower; the reptiles are found in the carboniferous and trias, formations; the mammals to the tertiary formations; and man to the present condition of the earth's surface.

THE AGE OF FISHES.—Among the limestone of the Devonian formation, or old red limestone, we first meet with an animal vertebrated, or having a backbone. The entire formation has supplied 100 species of fish, and out of that number sixty-five have been furnished by Scotland. The Silurians and old red limestone also abound in shells, some of them exceedingly curious, and all very numerous; and both shells and back-boned fish are very inferior in organization to the race of reptiles.

During the period of the Age of Reptiles, some of the most singular and monstrous creatures were produced. Among these were the *ichthyosaurus*, or fish-lizard; the *plesiosaurus*, or serpent-lizard; and the *teleosaurus*, a sort of crocodile, who lived down in Yorkshire, where the remains of his race are still found buried in large quantities.

The genus *ichthyosaurus* includes several species, but a general description of its characteristics may suffice. These are—Shortness of neck, back of the head and front of the chest being of the same width; a backbone, the joints of which were probably joined together by a sort of elastic bag; and a tail like a crocodile. A bony structure conby Owen at about thirty-five. Although no nected with the fore-fins gives evidence that the ichthyosaurus crawled on the sands; on visiting the shore, the creature would drag itself along the ground, and during sleep, lie prostrate, with the belly resting on the ground. It possessed eyes of immense magnitude, and its body was clothed with a skin resembling that of the whale. The length of the common ichthyosaurus was about twenty feet. The *ichthyosaurus platyodon* (an inhabitant of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire) was chiefly distinguished from its fellows by the extra size of its head and from a peculiarity in the shape of its teeth; the orbit of its eyes was fourteen inches.

The *plesiosaurus*, or serpent-lizard, is described by Cuvier as the most singular and monstrous that has yet been discovered.—To a lizard's head it united a neck of enormous length, like a serpent's body; a large trunk, like a common quadruped; the ribs of a chameleon; and the fins of a whale, having, however, two instead of one pair. It was about eighteen feet in length. The most perfect skeleton was discovered near Glastonbury, and purchased for the British Museum. The genus contains several species, on the differences and distinctions of which it is unnecessary to speak here.

The *teleosaurus* was, as we have already noticed, a species of crocodile. The first specimen brought to light was found in the lofty cliffs on the Yorkshire coast, near Whitby. The jaws of this creature were armed with long, slender, sharp-pointed, slightly-curved teeth; and it bore, in most respects, a close resemblance to the crocodile of the Ganges. The size and position of its limbs, however, convey the impression of its having been a better swimmer than its modern representative.

Among other specimens of the reptile age was the *megalosaurus*, or gigantic lizard, estimated by Cuvier at fifty feet in length, and

MEGATHERIUM.

skeleton has yet been found entire, so many bones have been discovered, that naturalists have little difficulty in determining its appearance. Its legs seem to have been very fully developed—to have attained a height of two yards, with a foot about a yard in length!

The *iguanodon*, about five-and-thirty feet in length, and twenty in girth; the *hylæosaurus*, or spiny lizard of the Wealden, are also interesting specimens of the reptile age. Still more curious are the *mosasaurus* and *great pterodactyles*, which remind one of the fabled dragons of antiquity. The pterodactyles (from *pteron*, a wing, and *dactylos*, a finger) is a flying reptile, having the leathery wings of the bat and a body covered with scales. This formidable creature measured from the tip of each wing eighteen feet, and, as Dr. Buckland remarks, "was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swam in the sea, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet."

The Age of Mammals presents features no less interesting than that of reptiles. First among them we may notice the *megatherium*, or gigantic sloth. It is represented in the act of pulling down a tree for the purpose of obtaining its leaves as food. Next to this the *palæotherium*, or wild beast. It stood three or four feet high, and in the form of the head resembled the ordinary tapir. The *anoplotherium* (or unarmed animal) was less clumsy, and more agile than the palæotherium, and a closer approach to the ruminants. Of this genus there are two species; *anoplotherium gracile*, and *anoplotherium commune*. The first species was about three or four feet high, eight feet in length, with a skin almost naked, and a large powerful tail. The second species was about the size of a goat, or small deer, and was covered with short, thick hair. The *deinotherium*, a wild beast, was an animal of a huge barrel-shaped body, about twenty feet long, something resembling the hippopotamus. Its head was like that of the elephant, having a powerful proboscis and a pair of large, long tusks. The *mastedon* was about the size of an ordinary elephant, and closely resembled that animal. It abounded in the districts now called North America, where many perfect skeletons of it have been found.

The discoveries of naturalists with respect to these extinct animals are amongst the highest triumphs of modern science. Diligently seeking data of reliable, though of the most obscure character, the naturalist and comparative anatomist have succeeded in disclosing the wonders of the ancient world. From foot-prints in the rocks, from scattered bones, and from some perfect remains buried in the earth, we have been instructed by the theoretical knowledge and practical skill of such men as Cuvier, Owen, and Buckland in the nature and habits of these extinct species. We are led to look back to a remote age, and to trace the successive developments which swept away race after race of its ancient inhabitants, and gradually prepared our world to be the dwelling-place of man.

HEARTY SUPPERS.

It was with feelings of painful disappointment, with perhaps some vexation, that we recently read of the death of a brother editor, whose excellent monthly seldom failed of some extract from, or kindly notice of, this Journal. He died in the very prime of life—not thirty-one—in the midst of usefulness, and in the enjoyment of usual good health, until within twenty-four hours of his decease. He was an able preacher, and a fine *belles-lettre* scholar. He was on a journey, on the Master's business, and died from home. He had made up the copy for his September issue. Two of the articles were from our August Number; one a plea for women, the other for children. So many good people loved him and looked up to him! In less than three lines the whole story is told. "He travelled all day, ate in the evening a hearty supper, waked up in the morning with a headache, became unconscious, and died at five o'clock in the afternoon of apoplectic disease!"

Eating heartily in an exhausted, or even in a greatly debilitated bodily condition, is dangerous at any hour. Many a man has fallen apoplectic, at the close of a hearty dinner; but the danger is greatly increased by going to bed soon after; for the weight of the meal, a pound or two, rests steadily on the great veins of the body, arrests the flow of the blood, as a continuous pressure of the foot on a hose-pipe will more or less completely stop the flow of water along it. This arrestment causes a damming up of blood in the vessels of the brain, which at length cannot longer bear the distension, and burst, causing effusion there, which is instant, sometimes, and certain death always.

There is scarcely a reader, of middle life, who has not more than once been nearer death than he imagined, from this very cause. A man feels in his sleep as if some terrible calamity was impending, some horrible beast is after him, or some fearful flood is about to overwhelm him; but, spite of every effort, he cannot remove himself sufficiently fast; the enemy behind is increasing upon him; and at length, in an agony of sweat, he is able by a desperate effort, to set the stream of life in motion by uttering some sound, fearful to be heard, or only saves himself from falling into some fathomless abyss, by a convulsive and desperate effort. In cases where there is no power to cry out, or no effort can be made, the person is overtaken, or falls, and dies! Eating a hearty meal at the close of the day, is like giving a laboring man a full day's work to do, just as night sets in, although he has been toiling all day. The whole body is fatigued when night comes, the stomach takes its due share, and to eat heartily at supper, and then go to bed, is giving all the other portions and functions of the body repose, while the stomach has thrown upon it five hours more of additional labor, after having already worked four or five hours to dispose of breakfast, and a still longer time for dinner. This ten or twelve hours of almost incessant labor has nearly exhausted its power; it cannot vigorously digest another full meal, but labors at it for long hours together, like an exhausted galley-slave at a newly-imposed task. The result is, that by the unnatural length of time in which the food is kept in the stomach, and the imperfect manner in which the exhausted organ manages it, it becomes more or less acid; this generates wind; this distends the stomach; this presses itself up against the more yielding lungs, confining them to a largely diminished space; hence every breath taken is insufficient for the wants of the system, the blood becomes foul, black, and thick, refuses to flow, and the man dies, or in delirium or fright, leaps from a window or commits suicide, as did Hugh Miller, and multitudes of others, as to whom the coroner's jury has returned the non-committal verdict, "Died from causes unknown," if not more impiously stating, "Died by the visitation of God."

Let any reader who follows an inactive life for the most part, try the experiment for a week, of eating absolutely nothing after a two o'clock dinner, and see if a sounder sleep and a more vigorous appetite for breakfast and a hearty dinner, are not the pleasurable results, to say nothing of the happy deliverance from that disagreeable fulness, weight, oppression, or acidity, which attends over-eating. The greater renovation and vivacity which a long, delicious, and connected sleep imparts, both to mind and body, will of themselves more than compensate for the certainly short and rather dubious pleasure, of eating a supper with no special relish.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make your leisure hour useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling, remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking over your business; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; control difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle you will be honored; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

HAWKS.—A great observer of nature, and a clever sportsman, told me that hawks have their regular beat, and frequent daily the same line of country, soaring along for miles and miles in quest of prey. So strongly impressed was he with this idea, that he always marked the time and place when he saw a hawk on the hunt, and sure enough, the next day would find my friend at the spot, waiting in ambush, gun in hand, and consulting his watch, as confidently as if he were expecting a friend by the most punctual of railways. He assured me that he always found the hawk true to his time by half an hour or so, and seldom varying his line of flight more than a hundred yards.—*"Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History."*

THE EMPRESS EUGENE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—Her Majesty was ascending the peak of Ger, staff in hand, like a true mountaineer, when she met a poor woman, who was gathering wild flowers. "What have you there, my good woman?" asked her Majesty. "Only a few flowers," was the reply. "Will you sell me what you have gathered?" "Oh! madam, I have very little; scarcely three sous' worth." Her Majesty took the flowers, and, having given the poor woman three Napoleons, was passing on, when the other laid hold of her arm, and said, "Madam, I do not know this money; I have never seen such fine sous. Is it possible that you are the Emperor's wife?" "Yes, I am the Emperor's wife," said the Empress, with a smile. "Indeed! and how is your good man?" "He is quite well. How is yours?" "Mine! Oh! he is down yonder, with the three children, making faggots." "Three children!" said the Empress; "then I must give you three more sous for them."

THE BEECH-TREE.—The beech-tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians, whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder-storm, leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech-tree. In Tennessee the people consider it a complete protection. Dr. Becton, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, states that the beech-tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered into splinters. May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?

☞ THE THREE GREAT CREATURE-COMFORTS OF THE CHINESE.—A Chinese proverb says that—"To be happy on earth, one must be born in Soochow, live in Canton, and die in Lianchan, for in the first are the handsomest people, in the second the richest luxuries, and in the third the best coffins."

"DOMINE, QUO VADIS?"

"Lord! whither goest Thou?"

A LEGEND OF ST. PETER.

There stands in the old Appian Way,
Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and gray;
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name,
One reverential thought may claim.

'Tis written of that fiery time,
When all the angered evil powers
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime,
How Peter left the accursed towers,
Passing from out the guilty street,
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,
Suddenly he was 'ware of One,
Who toiled beneath a weary load,
Bareheaded in the beating sun,
Pale with long watches and forespent
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross His weak limbs bow;
Scarcely his sinking strength avails;
A crown of thorns is on His brow,
And in His hands the print of nails.
So, friendless and alone in shame,
One like the Man of Sorrows came.

Read in her eyes who gave Thee birth,
That loving, tender, sad rebuke—
Then learn no mother on this earth,
How dear soever, shaped a look
So sweet, so sad, so pure as now
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deeply Peter's heart it pierced:
Once had he seen that look before;
And even now, as at the first,
It touched, it smote him to the core.
Bowing his head, no word save three
He spoke: "Quo vadis Domine?"

Then, as he looked up from the ground,
His Saviour made him answer due:
"My son, to Rome I go, thorn-crowned,
There to be crucified anew,
Since he to whom I gave My sheep,
Leaves them for other men to keep."

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears;
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss:
"I vexed my heart with faithless fears,
Pardon Thy servant, Lord, for this."
Then rising up—but none was there—
No voice, no sound, in earth or air—

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,
As one who hath a work to do;
Back through the gates he passed with haste,
Silent, alone, and full in view;
And lay forsaken, save of One,
In dungeon deep, ere set of sun.

Then He, who once, apart from ill,
Nor taught the depth of human tears,
Girded Himself and walked at will,
As one rejoicing in His years,
Girded of others, scorned and slain,
Passed heavenward, through the gates of pain.

In any house a human visitor,
Well may these walls be more than stone,
And breathe of peace and pardoned sin
To him who grieveth all alone.
Return, faint heart, and strive thy strife;
Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

We lately saw a paragraph stating that a gentleman of Boston, just before his death, which occurred a short time since, made a last request that his remains should be examined daily for a period of ten days, in order to make sure of the fact that life had really departed, he having a fear of being buried alive.

Occasionally a case of premature burial sends a thrill of horror through the community; but the lesson which it teaches, that less haste should be manifested in committing deceased persons to their silent homes, is not always heeded, and in some instance, the body is hardly cold ere the undertaker is called to perform his sad office. The ancient Greeks and Romans took warning from similar occurrences, and prohibited the early burial of the dead. The first recorded instance of the recovery to life of an individual about to be buried, was that of a woman in Agrigentum, in ancient Greece, whose funeral was arrested by Empedocles, a man of great medical skill, and she was restored to life. After this a law was passed forbidding interment of deceased persons until three days had elapsed. Custom extended this period to the sixth or seventh day, during which precautions were taken to restore animation, if it was simply suspended, and often with effect.

The Romans also had their attention turned to this matter in the time of Pompey, by a physician, who detected signs of life in a person supposed to be dead, who was on a funeral pyre which had already been lighted. The flames were extinguished and the individual was resuscitated. Aviola, another Roman, was less fortunate. Having fallen in a lethargic fit, he was taken up for dead; his funeral pile was erected, the flames were lighted, and Aviola was placed upon it. Quickly animation, which had only been suspended, was revived by the heat, and he attempted to arise. The spectators, who had retired a little to witness the spectacle, rushed to save him, but they were too late. He was killed by the flames. The prætor Lamia had a similar fate; and the life of Tubero, who had formerly been prætor, was saved by signs of a return to animation being discovered, just as he was about to be laid upon the pile.

In consequence of these examples, the Romans increased the interval between death and burial, and scrutinised more closely the signs of dissolution. Custom as well as law required that after decease the nearest relative should close the eyes of the deceased. The body was then bathed with warm water, with the two-fold purpose of rendering it fitter to be anointed with oil, if really dead, or reanimating it if the principle of life was merely suspended. Tests were from time to time applied to see if death had taken place, and after a variety of ceremonies, which were continued for seven or eight days, the body was carried to the funeral pile and burned in the midst of a concourse of relatives and friends, who marched thrice around the pyre, and frequently offered libations to the gods, asking their aid quickly to consume it.

Modern instances of the recovery of people after it was supposed death had set its seal upon them, are numerous, and one was mentioned in the papers only a few months ago. Cases are also recorded by physicians where persons have been restored to consciousness by the probing of the anatomical knife, and who recovered their health and lived for years thereafter. One medical writer, Bruhier, in a dissertation upon the uncertainty of the signs of death and the danger of precipitate burials, has collected one hundred and eighty cases in which persons still living were treated as dead. Fifty-two of these were actually buried alive, four were opened before death, fifty-three revived spontaneously after being placed in their coffins, and seventy-two were supposed to have died when they really had not.

Such facts as these ought to induce the utmost caution in the disposal of persons supposed to be deceased. The appearance and condition of the bodies should be closely observed, and a long delay in burial practised. The idea of awakening to consciousness after burial, is a horrid one to every mind, and the reality must be terrible.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

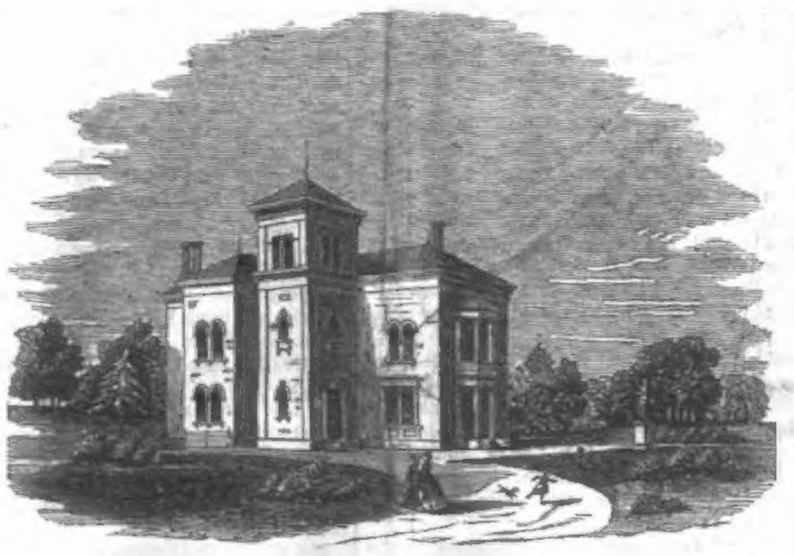
The following admirable trait is the character of the highest personage in the realm is not generally known. When Princess Victoria, she is said to have frequently amused herself by going *incognito* in a carriage to different shops, and derived great entertainment, when divested of the appendages attendant upon royalty, in observing, as a passive spectator, the infinite variety of incidents and occupations with which London abounded. Being one day at Rundell and Bridge's, she observed, among many other objects that attracted attention, one that fixed it. This was a young and intelligent lady, who was most sedulously employed in looking over different gold chains for the neck, which were alternately presented to her for inspection. After she had admired several, she asked the price of one which seemed to have peculiarly struck her fancy. The price was named. It was more than she imagined it would have been. "Could it not be offered cheaper?" "Impossible!" The young lady seemed disconcerted, examined the chain again, took it up, and when she laid it down a second time, appeared to part from it with reluctance. However, at length she admitted that the price was far too high, chose a much cheaper, which she ordered to be sent home, and went away. The young Princess Victoria, who had silently observed the different workings of the mind of the lady as displayed in her countenance, inquired who she was, and, upon receiving satisfactory information, ordered the firm to pack up the gold chain which had so attracted her attention, with the one she had purchased, and send it with a card, signifying that the Princess Victoria was so well pleased with observing that the young lady, who had been so much taken with the beauty and workmanship of the chain, had yet so much the command of her passions as not to suffer these to overcome her prudence, that she, therefore, in token of her approval, desired her to accept the chain which she so much admired, in the hope that she would always persevere in that laudable line of conduct upon which female happiness so much depended.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS CHEER.—No persons understand how to cheer like the country gentlemen. A cheer in the House of Commons means the rapid pronunciation of "hear" so peculiarly that the stress is laid upon the latter part of the word, and the sound, as it is thickened by the multiplication of voices, very nearly resembles "Yah, yah, yah, yah." A deafening shout of "Yah, yah, yah!" is raised as a song of triumph over the opposite side of the House; and when it begins to subside again, the country gentlemen burst forth in full cry, "Yah, yah, yah!" Etymologically, indeed, the "Yah, yah" of the present day is identical with the "Yea, yea," of the olden times, and with the "Oh yes, oh yes," which may still be heard in the courts of justice. Only the modern cry has a singular, pugnacious, insulting sound, and when "Yah, yah," comes in full chorus from the throats of innumerable men, whose business it is to cultivate their lungs, great is the excitement and the noise.—*Blackwood.*

THE DEVIL REFULSED.—Luther says:—"Once upon a time the devil came to me and said, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!' "Stop, stop!" said I, 'one thing at a time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore you will be damned!' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner; but it is written: "Jesus Christ came to save sinners;" therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

FAST TROTTING.—Since Flora Temple made a mile on the Kalamazoo track in the wondrous time of 2:19½, there has been many doubts as to whether that track was a full mile. It has recently been measured, and the surveyor makes affidavit that he found, by actual chaining, on a line three feet from the rail on the sides, and four feet from the rail on the ends, that the said track proved to be one mile two feet and eight inches in length. This sets the matter at rest, and the mile stands to the credit of Flora in the unparalleled time of 2:19½.

☞ There is an efficacy in calmness of which we are unaware. The element of serenity is one which we peculiarly need.



GARIBALDI'S VILLA AT NICE.

Nice, the chief town of the ex-Sardinian province now annexed to France, has the honor of being the birth-place of that true Italian patriot, General Garibaldi. Not many months ago, the general purchased the beautiful villa (represented above) in the immediate vicinity of Nice, with the intention of bearing thither the bride whom he was about to lead to the altar, and with the hope of there passing a blissful honeymoon. But on the very day of the wedding, and indeed only a few hours after the solemn ceremony, General Garibaldi received intelligence which excited the horrible suspicion in his mind that she who had just pledged him her faith at the altar had already bestowed her heart's first affections upon another, and that towards this *other* her conduct had been neither discreet nor stainless. The general questioned his bride upon the subject:—she threw herself at his feet and confessed everything. It was indeed all too true; and amidst deluging tears did the unhappy young creature,—for young as well as beautiful she is,—avow the full measure of her guilt. Dazzled by the fame of the great patriotic warrior, she had clutched at the honor of becoming the wife of such a hero; and she had therefore sought to ignore her past and guilty love in the fond dream of ambition. But, alas! instead of being borne on that wedding-day a happy bride to the sweet picturesque villa which had been prepared for her reception, the wretched young creature found herself travelling, as a repudiated and disgraced wife, in the charge of an aide-de-camp and a duenna, towards the parental home to which the outraged husband indignantly sent her back. Another account represents that she did not really wish to marry Garibaldi, but hesitated to oppose the earnest wishes of her family, who were full of pride and delight at the match. A cousin was, unsuspected by her friends, the real object of her attachment.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY ADELAIDE'S INTERVIEW.

The box had arrived in triumph at the Sailor's Rest. Covered over with a cloth, that it might not attract attention going in, and so set gossips' tongues to work before their legitimate time, it was lifted from the truck and up the stairs. Lord Dane's mouth worked convulsively as he saw it, saw that the leaden case was intact, for now any doubts that might have arisen reflecting on his much-loved son were dispelled forever. He silently leaned back on the sofa, covered his face, and gave thanksgiving to God.

But, just previously to this, William had gone out, on the fruitless errand of meeting Wilfred Lester, who never came to his appointment. He met Maria instead: which was, perhaps, to him quite as satisfactory.—Anxious enough, though, was he to see Wilfred, to get a promise from him, if possible, that he would henceforth forswear these disgraceful and dangerous escapades, for that was his hope and purpose. The previous night, or rather early morning, when he had found Wilfred in the shrubs, escaping from his father's house, and had hurried him to his home, he asked him to appoint an interview, for that was no moment for speaking, and Wilfred had done so for the following night after dark. "Somewhere in the road skirting the wood near the Hall," he named: he probably feared that a chance word might reach the ears of Edith, did he fix it at his own home. It thus happened that when the box came in, William was absent.

"Put it there for security," said Lord Dane, indicating a closet at the foot of his bed, "and give the key into my possession. That may prove a safer stronghold than the secret closet at the castle: it is certainly a more legitimate one. And now, Apperly, do me a favor: go and get Lady Adelaide here."

"Lady Adelaide Lester! To-night, my lord?"

"I have a fancy for seeing her. I shall see everybody by degrees, now the box is found. What's the hour?"

"It's between eight and nine. What shall I say to Lady Adelaide to induce her to come? And she may not be at home!"

"Anything you please, save telling her who it is that wants her. It is the evening of all others that she is likely to be at home, and the evening when she could best come. This county party takes the husbands, and the wives are solitary."

Mr. Apperly proceeded to the Hall, and was shown into Lady Adelaide's presence, who was alone. He had been concocting his tale as he went along. What her ladyship should think of him afterwards, he little heeded: all *his* business was to obey Lord Dane.

"An old friend of mine come to Danesheld, and lying ill at the Sailor's Rest; and wants to see me instantly!" cried Lady Adelaide.—"I never heard of such a thing!"

"I may go further than an old friend, my lady, and say a relation," pursued Mr. Apperly. "I beg your ladyship not to delay; I will attend you thither."

"But I never heard of such a thing," she repeated.

However, Mr. Apperly contrived to gain his point, and she went out with him. It was at this juncture that they met William Lydney and Maria.

"Ah, ha, Mr. William, so we have caught you, have we," cried the lawyer, while Lady Adelaide stood in speechless astonishment.—"Beauing about the young ladies, sir! I shall acquaint Lord Dane."

Now, of course, the words "acquaint Lord Dane" bore very different sounds for their several hearers. William only laughed; Maria's pulses beat with confusion; Lady Adelaide, in her pride, resented the indecorous familiarity.

"Do I see *you* here, Miss Lester?" she haughtily asked. "And with that man!"

Maria would have withdrawn her arm from Mr. Lydney's. He would not suffer it: he held her under his protection, and stood with her, frank and upright, before Lady Adelaide.

"Mamma, I have been to Wilfred's; I had an urgent reason for going," she said, her voice trembling. "It was but at the corner here, in returning, that I met Mr. Lydney."

"Degenerate girl! you had better take up your abode with Wilfred; two choice scions of one stock!" retorted Lady Adelaide.—"My house shall not much longer hold you, or my children be disgraced by your companionship."

"Your ladyship will at least allow her an asylum a short while yet," spoke William, and his words and tone were harsh with mockery. "Until—until—"

"Until what, may it please you, sir?" asked Lady Adelaide, in the same bitter tone, for he had paused in hesitation.

"I was about to say until Lord Dane shall remove her from it," he replied, bending forward till his face nearly touched Lady Adelaide's, as if he would speak for her ear alone.

Maria felt utterly confounded at the words, while Mr. Apperly enjoyed the scene amazingly, and understood the allusion to "Lord Dane." He saw how matters stood between the heir and Maria Lester.

"How dare you presume to speak thus familiarly of Lord Dane?" cried Lady Adelaide, in her wrath. "Unhand that young lady, sir. Quit his arm, Miss Lester. Do you hear?"

"In obedience to you, her stepmother, she shall do it," quietly returned William.

He released Maria, but continued to walk by her side the few steps that intervened between them and the gate. Lady Adelaide sailed majestically past them, and rang a violent peal on the bell.

"Show Miss Lester in doors," she authoritatively cried, as one of the men servants came flying to answer it. "And now, sir," she added, to William, "have the goodness to remove yourself from before the Hall, or you may be breaking into it again, as you did last night."

"You will think better of me sometime, Lady Adelaide," he answered, without the slightest resentment in his tone, as he raised his hat and turned away to pursue his path homewards, though not without having first shaken hands with Maria.

"How is it possible, in the name of common sense, that you lawyers and magistrates and people can permit that man, Lydney, to be at large?" asked her ladyship, as they also walked on.

"I fancied he was rather a favorite of yours, my lady."

"A favorite! Well, so he was, before all these dreadful suspicions and things came out against him. But, now that he is proved to be a black sheep, we can only take shame to ourselves for having suffered his companionship."

"Except Miss Lester," put in the lawyer, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that night. "She sees no shame in his companionship, if one may judge by signs."

"Were Miss Lester my own daughter, I should ask by what right you dare thus to speak of her to me," stiffly rejoined Lady Adelaide. "As it is, I wash my hands of her and her doings: if she chooses to go unmitigatedly to the bad, as her brother has done, by allying herself to this evil character, she must do it."

"She might go further and fare worse, my lady."

"She might—what?" ejaculated Lady Adelaide.

"She might go further and fare worse than in allying herself to William Lydney; that is what I said, my lady," was the composed answer of Mr. Apperly.

"Of course she might. She might ally herself to Jack Ketch the hangman: rather worse, of the two, than one who probably will come to be hung," was the vexed retort of my lady.

"Very true, so it would," quoth Mr. Apperly.

"I expect my madcap brother has arrived in Danesheld, and is playing me this trick," resumed her ladyship, loftily quitting the previous topic. "It would be just like him; to send me word he was dying, and then laugh at me when he gets me there."

"No, I do assure you you are mistaken, my lady. I had the honor of seeing the Earl of Kirkdale when he visited Danesheld; this gentleman does not resemble him in the least; is an older man, in fact."

Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no reply. She had little doubt that it would prove to be the Earl of Kirkdale, and she observed silence until she entered the Sailor's Rest. Mrs. Ravensbird came forward, full of obeisance to her former lady.

"Sophie," began Lady Adelaide, walking unceremoniously into Sophie's parlor, "is it Lord Kirkdale who is here?"

Sophie was overwhelmed with astonishment. First at the Lady Adelaide's coming there at all; secondly, at her question, touching the earl.

"Lord Kirkdale, my lady?" she repeated. "His lordship has not been here: I don't know anything of him."

"No! Who is it then that wants me?"

"My lady, I am unaware that any one does. I don't understand. We have no strangers staying at the Sailor's Rest."

"Don't come to hasty conclusions, Mrs. Ravensbird," said the lawyer. "The invalid up stairs has asked to see her ladyship."

"Oh!" uttered Mrs. Ravensbird: and the accent expressed so much consternation, not to say alarm, that Lady Adelaide gazed alternately at her and at Mr. Apperly. The latter quitted the room.

"Sophie, what is this mystery? Who is it that can want me?"

"Oh, my lady, I cannot tell; I dare not. I never thought he would be sending for you."

"Will you walk up, Lady Adelaide," said Mr. Apperly, re-entering. "He is waiting for you."

"Well now, that's a cruel thing," debated Sophie to herself; "they ought not to take her in without warning. Death be termed out of her senses." Acting on the impulse of the moment she ran forward and touched Lady Adelaide. "My lady," she whispered, "be prepared for alarm: you are going to see the dead back in life."

Between it all, Lady Adelaide began to wonder whether she had lost her senses, or whether they had. She only stared at Sophie in reply, and followed Mr. Apperly.

The first object on which Lady Adelaide's eyes rested as Mr. Apperly threw open the door, was William Lydney. She leaped to the conclusion that a hoax was really being played upon her, and that he was its perpetrator. He advanced as if to receive her, and slightly bowed: indignation flashed forth from her eye and lip.

"Is this your doing? Did you dare insolently to concoct a tale that should bring me from my home?"

"It was I who sent for you, Adelaide," interrupted a voice behind him.

She started at the sound: she looked to whence it came. There stood, holding out his hands, Harry Dane—if ever she had seen him in her life; Harry Dane, who was lying in the family vaults, sent thither by her treachery and Herbert's violence. She shrieked, shivered, and would probably have fallen, but that William was ready with his help. Lord Dane advanced, feeble as he was, and held out his arm, to lead her to the sofa.

"You need not be alarmed, Adelaide. It is I, myself, and not my ghost. Take my hand and feel it: you have not had the opportunity to do so for ten years."

She sank on the sofa, sobbing. Lord Dane made a sign, and they were left alone. He then applied himself to reassure her.

"Harry! Harry!" she uttered. "Did he then not kill you?"

"Who?"

"Herbert."

"You did know it, then? A heavy secret to bear, Adelaide, throughout these ten years."

"A secret that has made the curse of my existence," she wailed. "In the day's bustle, in the midnight's dark solitude, I have had one awful scene ever before me—the struggle between you and Herbert on the heights, and your fall over. In the social daily intercourse, in conversation with my friends, when the thought has flashed over me, I have stopped to shudder; in the dark night I have seen it over again, and woke up shrieking from the terrific dream. They say in the house that I am subject to the nightmare. As a heavy burden weighs down the body, so has that awful burden weighed down my spirit: and I have not dared to tell it."

"Herbert bound you to secrecy?"

"Not so. He does not know, to this hour, that I recognized either him or you. He may suspect; I cannot tell; but he can be at no certainty. The subject has been a barred one between us. He has not lived here; he has chiefly stayed abroad."

"Altogether, then, my disappearance—death, as it has been looked upon—did not bring you happiness."

"Happiness!" she reiterated, "it has made my days a living misery. From that hour, I have never had a minute's real peace: I would have given my own life willingly to recall yours."

"But for your own conduct, Adelaide," he resumed, leaning towards her, "that night's work never would have had place."

"I know it, I know it," she answered, putting up her hands, as if she could shut out remembrance. "And it is that knowledge which has brought my share of the cost."

"Why did you deceive me?" he abruptly asked.

She clasped her hands on her knees, and made no answer.

"You suffered my love to grow almost into idolatry. Why did you do so? why did you not stop it at the onset? When I first came home, you must have loved Herbert."

"Passionately," she whispered.

"And your motive for allowing me to beguile myself into the same passionate love? What was it?"

"I acted heedlessly; some might say wickedly; I thought the attentions of another would draw observation from me and Herbert; and Lady Dane was already partially awake to it."

"Every action of yours at that time was one of deceit to me. Should you have married me? or broken your promise, and openly jilted me when the time came?"

"It is past and over," said Lady Adelaide.

"Yes, it is past and over. Romance has yielded its place to the realities of life. I am older than my years and *dying;* you are a married woman, and the mother of many children. Therefore we may well converse upon the past, as freely as though we had not been the actors in it."

"Who says that you are dying?" she quickly uttered.

"I say so; the medical men say so; my wearing frame says so. I do not imply, Adelaide, that I am going to die this night; but an incurable disease is upon me, and is doing its work. That fall from the cliff injured me internally; and though I have appeared well, have gone about like others, have travelled, have enjoyed myself, I have never been the same man since. In the last year it has shown its progress rapidly, and there is no mistake that the end is drawing near. Very near, I thought it was, this morning; but I have rallied again, and may yet enjoy a few days' deceitful health and strength; deceitful as you were, Adelaide. I ask you whether you would have married me."

"I do not know," she sighed; "I did not know then whether I would, though the question did sometimes cross me. I believe—if this is to be a confessional of truth—that I buoyed myself up with the hope that Herbert might get some good appointment, which would enable him to speak out. And another faint hope was cherished by both of us, one less justifiable."

"Tell it out, Adelaide."

"We hoped—I will not say that Lord Dane would die, but that *when* he died, it would be found he had remembered Herbert. Had it been but equivalent to a thousand a year, we should have married, and risked it."

"Throwing me over; to the dogs, or any where else that I might go!"

"I loved him before you came near us," she said, in a half pleading tone.

"And you might have told me so at once. Why did you not marry him when impediments were removed? When I was gone, and he Lord Dane?"

Lady Adelaide turned half round to the questioner, something like horror in her eyes.

"Marry him then! When I thought him a murderer?—by accident, if not by deliberation. I should have looked for your spirit to appear to us when we completed the contract. Many a time I have asked myself was he guilty in intention."

"No, Adelaide. I believe him to be innocent, so far. We were scuffling in angry passion, each for the mastery; but murder, or any serious injury, was no doubt thought of as little by him as by me. He cannot have impressed you, by words, with the belief that he was guilty?"

"By words! Do I not tell you that it has been an interdicted subject? Herbert Dane has never spoken to me of that night. When I ran away from the ruins, I could not control my shrieks, they broke from me in my nervous trepidation, but I had sense left not to betray cognisance of what had taken place. That I was a witness to some sort of scuffle, they forced from me afterwards, for they put me to the oath; but," she added, in a lower tone, "even the oath could not wring from me, who were the actors in it."

"Did you witness it all?"

"I suppose not. When I reached the ruins, I heard sounds, as of dispute, and I ran through the chapel, and saw two men engaged in contest. I heard my own name; I heard sufficient to gather that I was the cause of enmity, and a dreadful sickness came over me when I recognized you and Herbert. In that same moment you fell over; I thought he had hurled you; and I had no peace afterwards, for I felt—I felt that I was almost as guilty as he. Herbert questioned me subsequently; what had I seen? he asked, what had terrified me? I would not satisfy him; I interdicted all mention of the subject; and interdicted it remained. He would have returned to our former confidential intimacy, he spoke seriously of our marriage; you were gone, Geoffry soon went, and he was the heir to Dane. No, no; I and Herbert Dane have remained strangers ever since; and I never gave him my reason for it."

"Did your love for him cease with that night?" resumed Lord Dane.

"Can love cease as rapidly as it comes on?" she returned, her accent one of sharp pain. "Though I refused Herbert Dane, though I took him for a murderer, I yet loved him. I believed that what he had done, he had done in the heat of passion, in his jealous love for me, and the feeling may have softened my judgment and my heart. All I know is, that it was years before I overgot

my tenderness for him; I do not think it had quite left me when he returned recently from abroad."

"Yet, in the very midst of this love, you married George Lester!"

"I had the choice of two alternatives; to return to Scotland, hated Scotland, or to marry George Lester, and I chose the latter. He has been an indulgent husband to me."

"Very much so, as I hear," remarked Lord Dane, "more so than to Katherine Bordillion's children."

Lady Adelaide's cheeks flushed at the allusion. She did not pursue it; she began to question Lord Dane of his escape from death, of his sojourn abroad, and he gave her a brief summary of its history.

"How could you think of not letting us know you were alive?"

"Let who know? My father and mother were dead, and you were the wife of George Lester; there were none left in the old country who cared to hear from me."

"But to go off in that strange way in Colonel Moncton's yacht. And the castle close at hand, for you to have been brought to!"

"That night was the turning point in my life, as well as in yours," was Lord Dane's pointed answer. "It opened my eyes to the fact that Adelaide Errol, my promised bride, was but playing a game with me, that while her shafts of ridicule, of dislike, were thrown to me, she kept her heart's love for Herbert. Smarting under the blow, was there any wonder that I should become an alien, Lady Adelaide?"

Again she bent her face down; her face still so lovely; and the bright color rose upon it, almost as fresh as it had used to do in its damask purity.

"Have you married since then?" was her next question.

"No."

"Lord Dane—I mean my uncle—wrote to the States to make inquiries as to your fortune, after your supposed death. You had never told him what it was invested in, he said."

"I am aware I had not. It was all safe, though, and at good interest."

"He wrote, I say, but he could learn nothing satisfactory. And before he could pursue further his inquiries, he died."

"And Herbert did not, when he succeeded. That is easily understood: a man who had sent, or thought he had sent, another out of the world, would scarcely care to grasp his fortune. I expect my remembrance has not been one of sweet odor to Herbert Dane."

"That it has not! Others wondered why he went abroad, on coming into possession, and stayed away for years. *I* could have told them: that the sight of the old spot was unbearable to him."

"Yes," responded Lord Dane. "And he may have felt himself safer when beyond the pale of British law. The fear of detection, of the discovery that he was the actor in the night scene, Harry Dane's assailant, must have caused him many a night-sweat: the coroner's verdict was Wilful Murder."

There was a pause in the conversation, each was occupied with the past. Lady Adelaide was the first to interrupt it.

"When did you arrive at Danesheld?" she asked, as the thought occurred to her. "To-day?"

"Last September, when the turbulent sea cast me ashore. But for your step-son's exertions with the life-boat, I had never again seen Danesheld."

"Last September!" she repeated, quite shrieking in her astonishment. "Was it you who were saved—who have been lying since at the Sailor's Rest? Why have you done so?"

"I tell you, as I told Apperly, when he put to me the same question—for reasons. Perhaps from the delicate motive of not wishing suddenly to deprive, my Lord Dane of his title and rent-roll."

There was a grim smile on the speaker's face, and Lady Adelaide slightly started as the full import of the words struck upon her.

"Why, yes; as you are here, Herbert cannot be the rightful possessor," she slowly said. "You—must—be—Lord Dane!"

"I am Lord Dane. Herbert is not, and never has been."

"Then why in the world did you not return when your father died?"

"We will let that subject rest, Adelaide. I never supposed it was Herbert who was reigning, I thought it was my brother Geoffry. I have heard a rumor that Herbert Dane seeks a wife in Maria Lester. A pretty child she was ten years ago."

"I have not interfered: I would not interfere in Herbert Dane's *marriage*. I expect she would have been his wife by now, had not her fancy become enthralled by another, one William Lydney. I saw him in your room as I came in; you would shun him, did you know his character. Why, Harry, he is a dreadful man, an adventurer and a robber; he broke into our house last night. He is pursuing Maria for her fortune—that fourteen thousand pounds she is entitled to."

"Indeed!" composedly returned he.—"Grave accusations to bring against a Dane."

"Against a Dane! of course they would be; but I am not speaking of a Dane."

"I am. William Lydney is a Dane; and was born one."

Lady Adelaide sat with her mouth open, half stupefied. Lord Dane touched her arm.

"You may remember that I informed you of my early marriage: I did not tell you that I had a son born of it; but I intended to acquaint you, Adelaide, before I made you my wife? It is he whom you Danesheld people have been converting into an adventurer, a housebreaker, a poacher; I know not what. He is my own son, Geoffry William Lydney Dane."

"Why then he—he—will be—surely—Lord Dane!" uttered she, when her consternation allowed her to speak.

"The very moment the breath goes out of my body, he is Danesheld's lord. A better *parti* for Maria Lester, than Herbert Dane."

"My goodness me!" gasped Lady Adelaide. "And I have called him—I don't know what I have not called him. Everything but a gentleman."

"Adelaide," said Lord Dane, awaking from a fit of musing into which he fell; "take it for all in all, life has not been to you all flowers and sunshine."

"Taking one thing with another, it has been to me a wretched life," she answered, bursting into tears. "The world speaks of 'The gay Lady Adelaide;' it has more cause to speak of the repentant one. My own deceit has come home to me—as Herbert's must have come home to him."

"As we sow, so must we reap," concluded Lord Dane. "Deceit is a crime that, sooner or later, entails its sure punishment."

And take you note of the words, reader, for they are full of truth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TAKING DANE CASTLE BY STORM.

Lord Dane (we call him so a little while longer) and Miss Dane were seated at breakfast, in the castle, or to speak more correctly, after breakfast, for the meal was over, though the things were not removed. Miss Dane was airily attired, as if in opposition to the winter weather; gay colors predominated in her dress, and her ringlets were no less flowing than usual. They were holding an argument about William Lydney.

"It's of no use trying to convince me, Geoffry," said she, persisting in her own view of things, "I know that he is no more what you call him, than I am. He is the best looking, the most polite, the most gentlemanly man in Danesheld; and he does pay the sweetest compliments. A midnight house-breaker! just as much as Tiffie is. She must have dreamt it.

"Pshaw!" returned Lord Dane, with apathy.

"Had those police creatures kept him in custody, I should have gone in the carriage and made a morning call upon him at the station. I should. Just to testify my regard for him, and to show Danesheld how very much I resent the opinion they have taken up respecting him. I asked him one day, whether he was rich, rich enough to keep a wife; he laughed and answered Yes, and a gilt coach-and-six for her. A man with those means is entitled to every respect," concluded the lady, with a great stress upon the "every."

"Possibly you would like to offer him a wife in your own person, as well as a morning call, and enjoy the benefit of the gilt-coach," drawled Lord Dane.

"Oh, dear!" simpered Miss Dane, "oh, dear! I'm sure you have no cause to say that. If he does admire me, which is evident from his looks, and if he has paid me a little attention, he has not said anything—yet. But he is a most fascinating man; it can't be denied; and I expect him here every minute."

"Expect whom here? Not that fellow, Lydney!" cried Lord Dane, aroused out of his apathy.

"Indeed yes, he and no other," she smiled. "I despatched a note to him yesterday evening, after I heard of his release from the fangs of Young and those harpies, requesting him to be here this evening at ten o'clock, on important business. I want to offer him my congratulations, and to assure him of the fact that the more Danesheld abuses him, the higher he stands with me."

"You always were a weak fool, Cecilia, and you show it more every day," was the complimentary retort of Lord Dane. "With regard to that impostor, I shall stand no further nonsense; he goes out of Danesheld, or I do. I wrote to Sir Richard Mayne, last night; these police underlings shall find out what it is to beard a lord lieutenant. And you may as well understand me, now and for the future; should your friend Lydney attempt to darken my doors, the servants shall kick him out."

"How remarkably impolite you are, Geoffry, and you do take such unaccountable prejudices!" was Miss Dane's rejoinder, who, whatever may have been her other deficiencies, possessed one of the meekest of tempers. "It is my home as well as yours, and I shall receive my own friends in it, of course."

"Any friend you please; but not Lydney. If Miss Dane cannot keep herself from degrading associates, I must beg leave to do it for her."

"Ah, but you can't," she returned, gently clapping her hands in triumph, as she looked from the window, "for he is already come."

Out of the room strode Lord Dane, and down to the hall. Lydney was in the middle of it, being shown in, and Bruff was crossing to meet him, bowing low.

"What do you do here, sir?" he foamed.

"I am here in obedience to a request of Miss Dane," was the answer, delivered courteously. "My visit is not to your lordship."

"I am the master of this castle," foamed Lord Dane, "and there's the door. Go out of it."

He laid his hand on Lydney's shoulder, possibly to enforce compliance in no very gentle manner, but Bruff positively forced himself between them.

"Oh, my lord, don't, don't!" he pleaded in excitement. "You may be sorry for it afterwards. This gentleman may have as much right as your lordship to—to—enter castles."

Whether Lord Dane would have flung Bruff out, for his interference, and Lydney after him, cannot be told, for at that moment advanced Mr. Blair, who had followed Lydney in.

"Sir," he said to Lord Dane, "will you grant me an interview, before dealing further with this gentleman?"

"Sir? *Sir!*" repeated Lord Dane, astonished at the style of address. For ten good long years he had left the "sir" beneath him.

"I speak advisedly," was the whispered answer. "I have strange tidings to communicate to you."

Lord Dane glanced around him, and was seized with an inward panic. The detective stood calm and stern, Lydney, self-possessed and dignified, yet with somewhat of pity in his countenance, Bruff was troubled and fearful, but testifying to Lydney the utmost respect. Lord Dane noted it all, and his courage failed him, almost his self-possession; yet he had no suspicion of the nature of the calamity to come.

"Pass in here," he said to Mr. Blair, motioning to Bruff to open the door of the dining-room, and as the old butler hastened to obey, he saw the same livid look on his master's face, which it had worn the night he passed him in the gateway. They were shut in, and Lord Dane motioned to the officer to take a chair.

"I have come here to prepare you for a most unpleasant surprise," began Mr. Blair, somewhat at a loss for words to break the unwelcome tidings, "and I have but a minute or two to do it in, for one is following me close at hand, who—who—must cause a startling effect upon you, and it will be well for you that I speak first. But you are ill!"

"No," replied Lord Dane, as unconcernedly as his quivering lips, which he was biting in his agitation, allowed him to speak. "Proceed."

"You were surprised at my addressing you as 'sir,' and naturally so. I am sorry that it should have fallen to my task to inform you of the change hanging over your head, but I must do my duty, however unpleasant. When I released William Lydney from custody, you questioned my motives, my right, I believe my good feeling; I would have explained matters to you then, had I been at liberty to do so, but they were not sufficiently ripe. I must do it now, and I can only ask you to *bear* it as a man."

Lord Dane made no reply. He stood with his arms folded, and his pale face turned on the speaker. That he only controlled himself to calmness by a very great effort, was evident.

"Ten years and some months ago," proceeded Mr. Blair, "a catastrophe occurred in the Dane family. Captain the Honorable Harry Dane, met his death, as was supposed, in falling from the heights, struggling with an assailant. Until a day or two back, it was neither known nor suspected who the other was; but it is at length discovered to have been you. He—"

Mr. Blair paused, alarmed at the appearance of Lord Dane, whose agitation was fearful to behold.

Well it might be. All that he had dreaded for years was come. Lady Adelaide had spoken of her burden, but what was here compared to the one he had carried? One perpetual nightmare had lain upon his soul. In his ghastly visions by day and by night, one perpetual terror had ever been upon him—the day of DISCOVERY, when he should be dragged from his high pinnacle to answer for the murder of his cousin Harry; perhaps to suffer for it a felon's punishment—death upon the scaffold. That the officer now before him was about to arrest him, and was thus preparing him, in his humanity, he entertained no manner of doubt. The perspiration broke out on his brow, in large drops of anguish, and he threw up his hands to Mr. Blair in an attitude of entreaty.

"It was not willful murder," he gasped, in a tone of the sharpest pain: "if you arrest me for it, you will do me a foul wrong, for I am innocent. We were quarrelling, and it came to blows; he struck the first, as I have a soul to be saved! he attacked me! We got too near the edge of the cliff, in our strife, and he went over, but I did not push him; I swear I did not: I was as guiltless of intentionally causing his death, as I am of causing yours. Could Harry Dane speak to you from the next world, he would say so."

"Nay, but there is no cause for this violent agitation," interposed Mr. Blair. "Had you heard me to an end—"

"I have thought for some days that it might be a warning, that this was coming upon me," continued Lord Dane, in a dreamy tone, as he leaned against a sideboard, never so much as hearing the interruption. "Harry Dane appeared to me."

"What?" uttered Mr. Blair. "Appeared where?"

"Ay, ridicule it. I am a strong man, sir, a man of enlightened education, of intellect; and, as all such must do, I have ever cast the most contemptuous disbelief, the veriest mockery on supernatural tales. Ghosts! visions! appearances!—they might be fit marvels for children, but not for men. Nevertheless, I tell you now, in the broad light of day, I Geoffry, Baron Dane, in full possession of my mind and senses, I tell you that some evenings ago I saw the apparition of my cousin Harry. Never, since the fatal night of his death, had I entered the ruins, but the story told by Shad, that the plotting might be there, sent me to them. It was the night preceding the day when I telegraphed for you; I stood in the ruins, my thoughts naturally cast long back to the unlucky night and its events, when I was last there. I raised my eyes, and there, at one of the apertures, gazing in upon me, was the form of Harry Dane. I saw it as plainly as ever I saw it during his lifetime."

Lord Dane's voice faltered, for sounds—he deemed them ominous ones—seemed to arise from the next apartment, the Hall. Mr. Blair's ears were opened to the same, but before he could say another word to Lord Dane, or impede his movements, the latter had drawn the door gently open, so as to allow of peeping out. You may forgive the tremor that shook his frame: he believed that the officers of justice had arrived for him.

Not much like officers of justice, however, did the group look that met his view. Standing in the Hall, his left hand affectionately laid on the shoulder of William Lydney, was a tall, upright figure, his high features bearing an unmistakable likeness to the Dane family. In spite of his pallor and his white hair, none could mistake him for any other than Harry Dane—"In the body or the spirit?" may have thought one who was gazing. The old servants of the castle were gathered round; some standing, some positively kneeling, all with tears in their eyes. Bruff's eyes were overflowing: and in the background stood Ravensbird and Lawyer Apperly.

"I said you would know me again," he smiled, his own eyes full, and his right hand grasping those of his father's old retainers. "I did not think I should live to return to assume my proper position amongst you: but God has been merciful to me, and I am here."

A low murmur of congratulation, intermixed with sobs, was heard in answer.

"Not for long, my dear old friends, not, I fear, for many days. You will only regain me to lose me again, but I shall leave one—"

The hall was rent with a shout.

"Long live Lord Dane! Thank God for restoring the dead to life! Long live and bless the true Lord Dane!"

"No, no, it will not be for long," he answered, "for the old grim enemy who must take us all at last, is coming swiftly on for me. I was about to introduce you to one who will fulfil my place to you in all ways when I shall be gone. Look at this young man by my side, and tell me who he is like."

They looked attentively; seeing the two side by side, they compared their height, their features; and some voices were heard to answer, somewhat timidly:

"He is like a Dane."

"Yes, he is like a Dane. You may have known him only as plain William Lydney; you may have heard him traduced as an adventurer, a suspected criminal. My friends, Danesheld little guessed who it was accusing. He is my only son, your future lord, the Honorable Geoffry Dane."

Geoffry Dane held out his hand, all pressed round to clasp it. There was another shout, while poor old Bruff sobbed outright. One, who was not overwhelmed with brains, was heard to ask how he could be Geoffry Dane *and* William Lydney.

"Must I give you his name in full?" smiled Lord Dane. "He was christened Geoffry William Lydney; so, you see, though he was known in Danesheld as William Lydney only, he did not sport false colors. My dear friends," he added, with emotion, "there is nothing false about him, he is a genuine Dane, honorable, upright, open. He never gave me a minute's uneasiness in his life, and that is what can be said of few sons. Serve him truthfully in all good faith; as he will be faithful to, and protect you. He will not belie his race."

But what, of all this, had heard Herbert Dane?—henceforth Lord Dane no more. Nothing, save the shout, "*Long live Lord Dane;*" *for they were at one extremity of the great hall, he at the other.* But he had *seen.* He turned his perplexed face upon Mr. Blair, its expression asking for the information that his lips did not.

"Yes, it is your cousin, Harry Dane, and if you saw him, as you state, the other evening, though I had not heard of it, you saw him in the flesh, not in the spirit. He did not die when he fell from the cliff: he was preserved, and has now returned to claim his own. You are not about to be arraigned as a murderer, the conclusion you jumped to," continued Mr. Blair, with a smile, "but you must put up with the loss of your title and fortune. *That* is Lord Dane."

"And he?" pursued Herbert, pointing with his finger to Lydney, the conviction flashing over his mind in the same moment that he had been all along laboring under some extraordinary delusion as to the young man's doings and character.

"His son: the Honorable Geoffry William."

Herbert Dane wiped the drops from his face, and went forth. The crowd opened, and they stood face to face gazing at each other.

"Herbert!"

"Harry!"

In a moment their hands were locked; and alone, save for William, they retired to the dining-room, Lord Dane leaning upon Herbert.

"First of all, Herbert, let me say that I forgive you—"

"It was not purposely done," interrupted Herbert Dane, in agitation, while William retired to the window out of hearing. "I never pushed you; I never knew we were so near the edge until you went over. Harry, I swear it."

"Not for the encounter: I have as much need of your forgiveness for that, as you have of mine, for I believe I was the aggressor. But you might have come to see after me, or sent assistance to me when I was down."

"I never supposed but that it must have killed you, and in my cowardice I dreaded detection and punishment. As for assistance, I saw that one of the preventive men was underneath."

"What I would forgive you for is the *provocation*—the deceit practised towards me by you and Adelaide. Do you realize what it must have been to me? I forgive you, as I have forgiven her. I am hastening on to my long journey, and I could not enter upon it without first squaring up my accounts: so I sent for her last night and gave it her."

"She was worth neither you nor me, Harry. She jilted me afterwards, like she had been ready to jilt you. Many a thousand times have I wished that I had let you win her: it would have been better for all of us."

"Ay. But we will drop the subject. You played me a sneaking trick, Herbert, about that box. What induced you to steal it—and conceal it?"

"The box frightened me. I have feared detection in every leaf and sound for this last ten years, and when the box, that box, stared me in the face on the beach, I cannot tell you my sensations. Remember, I never cast a thought to the idea that you might be living, and if rights came to be measured, I, the only Dane left, might surely claim the box. I concealed it, and would have opened it to see what it contained, but the inner case baffled me. I will give it up to you; it is in the castle."

"I don't fancy it is," said Lord Dane. But he resumed. "And now comes the last question touching your misdoings. Why is it that you have so persecuted my son?"

"He terrified me, as being the owner of the box. I no more supposed him to be your son, than I supposed him to be mine; but I did fear he might be coming over to denounce me as having helped you to your death. And I really have had a bad opinion of him, from his consorting with the poachers."

"'Consorting' with them!" returned Lord Dane, some scorn in his tone. "He was after the box, that's what took him into the poachers' company; and looking after Wilfred Lester, who was going to the bad as headlong as he could go. Who but Wilfred Lester, do you suppose, broke into his father's house? William went there to get him out of it."

Herbert Dane made no answer, in his surprise. The past was becoming clear to him.

"Herbert," said Lord Dane, bending towards him, "did such a thing ever cross your mind as RETRIBUTION? Have you remarked how surely our own doings bring forth their natural fruit? We plant an acorn, and it springs up an oak tree; we sow an ear of wheat, and it ripens into corn; we set a noxious weed, and it comes up tares. Just so is it with the moral world: according as we plant, so must we gather. You and Adelaide Errol did me a bitter wrong: it was not the injury of a moment; that which may be committed in a whirl of passion, without premeditation; but it was a concerted, long-continued wrong, a deception that you carried on through months of time, one day planning how you should best blind and deceive me on the next. But now, what has that conduct borne for you in the end? Adelaide, looking upon you as a murderer, would not have you, jilted you, as you term it, and married George Lester, entailing a life's misery upon herself, for she loved but you. Her ill-treatment of, and ill feeling towards George Lester's son drove him, the young man, nearly desperate; his life was worth nothing to him, and in his recklessness to preserve it, he put off in the life-boat the night of the shipwreck, saving me and William. None but a man whose life was valueless to him, would have manned, and by his example induced others to man the boat on that desperate night. Thus Adelaide is the remote but certain cause of our safety; the cause of your being put down from your high pinnacle, the cause of your losing your wished-for bride—for, that Maria Lester will be William's, there can be no manner of doubt. See you not how it has all worked under Providence?—that the original deceit is recoiling on yourselves?"

Herbert Dane did see it. Who would not? and a recollection flashed into his mind of William Lydney's strange looks, when he had said Maria might yet be Lady Dane.

"I have come to remain, Herbert," continued Lord Dane; "the castle from to-day must own me for its lord, and you must be my guest. Do not think I will turn you abruptly out of it: we will discuss plans for your future amicably, and I will take care that you are better off than you were when you were last Herbert Dane. Some persons might come upon you for the back rents of the past ten years," he added, laughing, "but you need not fear that I shall. How is Cecilia?"

"More flighty and absurd than ever. The present crotchet in her head is, that William Lydney is in love with her."

"Oh, indeed. Well, she and Maria Lester must settle that between them. Poor, harmless Cecilia!"

"May I come in?" cried a voice at the door, which proved to be from Cecilia herself. "I don't think I shall ever have my understanding clear again; it is being turned upside down. They tell me that Harry is come back as Lord Dane, and that William Lydney—Harry! is it indeed you?"

"That William Lydney is not himself but somebody else," laughed William, turning from the window, after the meeting between her and his father was over. "I must introduce myself as your cousin, Miss Dane."

"Oh, dear! cousin!" echoed Miss Dane, a blank look rising to her face. "Why, to be sure you are, being Harry's son; and not a first cousin either." And away flew she up stairs to consult her prayer-book as to the forbidden ties of consanguinity; opening it at that part which begins, "A man may not marry his grandmother."

[This admirable story was commenced in THE POST of Aug. 11th. The back numbers can be procured by writing to the office of THE POST.]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Give to a grief a little time, and it softens to a regret, and grows beautiful at last; and we cherish it as we do some old, dim picture of the dead.

☞ A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A young lady in St. Paul rose from her bed a few nights since to make an application of camphor to her throbbing temples. By mistake, she got hold of a bottle of indelible ink, and thought the next morning she had made a very unpleasant mistake.

☞ An old divine says, quaintly, that a Christian hath not done his whole duty when he hath called his brother a knave.

☞ Army officers not unfrequently evince humane traits of character in striking contrast with their regular profession. It is stated that the French army now in Italy use the latest scientific method to kill horses unfit for further service. Air is injected into an opened vein, which produces instantaneous and painless death.

☞ A teacher out West, in advertising his academy, gives the boys warning beforehand, that "the use of tobacco will not be permitted, and all male students will be required to wear suspenders."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advertisement.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'a 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it neither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

Physician—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing.*

FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE SICK HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and *suffering* from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

nov17-1y

NEWS ITEMS.

The school children of Switzerland have purchased for $11,000 the Grutli, the birthplace of Tell, where he and three others conspired for the deliverance of his country from its oppressors. The place is to be consecrated to national uses, like Mount Vernon, in this country.

Tennyson is engaged in writing a new poem, founded on the history of Queen Boadicea. His admirers, to whom he seemed to have no field for poetic action, after having harvested the rich growth of Arthurian legends for his "Idyls of the King," will rejoice to learn that he has found more work to do, and has chosen such a noble and purely English theme.

Byerly, convicted of forging election returns in the first district, (Phila.) has been sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment, and $300 fine.

Gen. Pimodan, killed at the battle of Castelfidurdo, has been honored with funeral services in all the churches of Rome. The Duchess of Fitz-James consented to convey to his widow the intelligence of his death. "To whom do you write?" asked the duchess. "To my husband," said Madame Pimodan. "Alas!" replied the duchess, "write no more, he is a prisoner." Madame Pimodan gazed steadfastly at her friend. "You are trying to deceive me," she cried, "my husband is not a prisoner. He is dead. They never could make a prisoner of him!" Then she immediately hastened to a church to pray.

Sensible Reason for Getting Married.—The Madison (Wis.) Patriot says:—"On Thursday last, a couple of young folks called on Esquire F., and, after considerable hesitation, requested to be united in the "holy bonds of matrimony," which request the esquire at once proceeded to comply with. The bride, from the lateness of the hour and the peculiar nature of the call, thought some explanation necessary, and so very innocently remarked: 'We came from Columbia county to attend the fair, but finding the taverns all full, no place for Alexander to sleep, we concluded to get married, so he could sleep with *me*.' Such a wife as this is worth having."

President Felton, of Harvard, asked the Prince whether he would have tea or coffee? "Thank you. I will take some wine." The professor is a total abstinent, and in reply to his excuse, the Prince said: "Never mind, ale will do!" But there was no ale, and so, the professor dispatched a student to his house for a dozen of rare sherry, but "Old Simon, the cellarer," suspecting a college trick, refused to let it come, and so the Prince had to go without anything to drink!

We are sending apples to Great Britain. An Albany paper says:—"A freight train which arrived from the West to-day, had on board a large number of barrels of apples, marked 'Greenings, for shipment to England.' The fruit was grown in the western part of this State."

Another singular event has attended an accident which occurred at the rifle practice of a volunteer corps in England. Two men were shot through the head through the carelessness of a comrade who snapped his gun at one of them, supposing it was not loaded. But the piece, contrary to his belief, being loaded, the ball passed through the head of one and then the other. It is not a little remarkable that both have recovered; but, strange to say, the man by whom the accident was produced has since died. So depressed was he, and so great had been the shock to his system, at having been the cause of the disaster, that he could not be rallied.

Died of Joy.—A recent French story is as follows:—A young lady of Marseilles was in love with a cousin, who was supposed to be drowned on a lost steamer. The young lady, sick with grief, was about entering a convent, when she dreamed thrice (the old superstitious number) that "Charles," her lover, had appeared and told her he was yet alive. So she refused to become a nun and came back home from the convent.

"Her first thought was for her little room, where she gathered so many dear tokens and souvenirs from her cousin. She hastened up stairs, and went so fast that her delighted parents could hardly follow her. But when she was on the landing, whom did she see standing in the door of the room, so long shut up? Charles, her affianced, who looked at her, smiling with happiness, and opened his arms to clasp her to his bosom. It was no longer a dream! Charles held her locked in his arms, kissing her and mingling his tears with her own. But when he opened his arms again, to receive the caress of her parents, she sunk and dropped heavily on the floor. She was dead! dead with surprise and happiness! dead without uttering one cry, without heaving one sigh!"

☞ The Cleveland Plaindealer gives the following recipe for the manufacture of a description of head-dress for the ladies, which it pronounces really angelic, and which is styled the "fascinator":—Two ounces three-ply silk; four pounds of cambric yarn; three yards check muslin; four quarts eight-ply flannel; two bushels blue drilling. Stir with a spoon, and bake two hours.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102½	102¾
" " new	005	105½
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	92	—
" " coupon	93	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	68	73
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct,	100	—
" 5 "	95½	—
Tenn 6 "	—	93½
" 5 coupon	—	89
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	104	—
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	98¾
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	93	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	92½	93
N Y City, 1872-5	114	114
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	110	113
Far & Mec	53½	—
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	63	—
Mechanics	27½	—
Southwark	80	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	66	—
Girard	45	46
Western	—	69
Mus & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	50
Tradesmns's	62½	—
City	45½	—
Consolidation	28½	—
Commonwealth	40	—
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Union bk	32½	—
Germantown	50	—
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	82	—
Exchange "	80	—
Kentucky, Ky	—	118
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	96
Planters "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	20	30
Lehigh Zinc	1	—
New Creek	½	1
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	40	—
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	102
2nd "	—	90
stock	35	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1854	—	—
stock	123	126
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	38	39
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '56	74	74½
stock	18½	19½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	93
stock	—	58
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	42
6 pr ct loan, '60	—	100
Chas Val R R '73	43	47
Tioga R R '75	—	35
Wil'mn & Elmira 7's 1st mort	73½	75
2nd "	17	18½
stock	—	2
Catawissa	1	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	63
preferred 10 pr ct	38	—
North Penn's R R stock	8	10½
6 pr ct loan	74½	75
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	10
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Mansfield R R	62	65½
Har & Lan R R stock	49½	50
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	12
Long Island R R stock	—	12
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	31½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	43½	43½
Illinois "	96½	97
Michigan Southern	121	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	72	73
imp. 6 pr ct	20	—
stock	—	8½
preferred	—	21
Lehigh Nav stock	42	53
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	41½	42
Morris Consol'd	—	61
preferred	110	111
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
Union	80	84
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1875	—	5
	—	27

☞ A young lady at Niagara has been heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace overdress!" Quite a poetical idea.

☞ Among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is a manoloso, or the swimming thought—faith floating and keeping its head above the water, when all the waves and billows are going over one.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOUILLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been very inactive during the entire week. The sales of Flour reaching about 8000 bbls in lots at $5,50@5,62½ for superfine, the latter for good straight brands; $5,62½@5,75 for extra, and $5,87½@6 ₱ bbl for extra family, including about 3000 bbls of the latter, part Diamond Mills, taken on terms kept private, and a small lot of City Mills fancy at $6,70 ₱ bbl, closing with more sellers than buyers at the above rates. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and sells in a small way only at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and dull at $3,50 ₱ bbl for Pennsylvania Meal. No change in Brandywine.

GRAIN—For Wheat the market has ruled dull and unsettled; the week's sales include only about 30,000 bus, in lots, part for shipment, at from $1,25 to $1,35 for common to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,30 to $1,37 for Southern do, and from $1,31 to $1,55 for inferior to good and choice white. Rye is selling in a small way at 78c for Pennsylvania, and 74c for Southern do. Corn is dull and rather lower, with sales of 34,000 bus to note at 70@72 for fair to prime Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, after closing at 71c, including new, which is very little inquired after at 50@58c, as to condition. Oats are also dull and drooping, and about 20,000 bus found buyers at 34@35c for Pennsylvania, and 33@35c for Southern, closing at the lowest figures; included in the sales are some inferior at 30@31c. Of Barley, which is lower, sales of 30,000 bus prime New York State are reported at 80@78c ₱ bus, mostly at the latter figures.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in bbld Meats, and Mess Pork is steady at $19½@19¾ ₱ bbl. Mess Beef sells as wanted at $10@14 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon is selling in lots, mostly to go South, at 11½@11¾c for Sides, and 9½@9¾c for Shoulders; Hams range at 12½@13¾c. Green Meats are moving off more freely, the city packers selling at 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders in salt, cash and short time. Dressed Hogs are worth $8 the 100 lbs. Of Lard, which is scarce, small sales are making at 13c for tcs and 13½c for kegs. Butter is dull, solid selling slowly at 10@11c, and Roll at 12@14c. Cheese is steady at 10½@11½c, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are scarce and high, and worth 19@20c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The sales comprise some 750 bales, mostly at from 6 up to 11½@12½c, and 13c for inferior to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, and 1st No 1 finds ready sale at $38 ₱ ton. In Tanners' Bark there is no change, and a limited business doing.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow readily commands 34@35c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market for this staple is firm, with a fair business doing both for shipment and home use. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,60@3,70; Prepared do $3,60@3,70; Red Ash do $3,80@3,90; Lehigh do $3,75; Prepared do $3,75; by retail do $4,25; Schuylkill Proper do $4,25.

COFFEE has been inactive, the want of stock in first hands limiting operations to some 1200 bags, taken in small lots at about previous rates, including Rio at 13@15c, as in quality, and Laguayra at 14½@15c, on the usual terms.

COPPER continues dull, and the sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal are in a small way only at quotations.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and good Western sell at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is dull; green Apples selling slowly at $1@2,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples 3¼@4c; Peaches 6@8c for unpared, and 10@12c for pared. Cranberries are dull at $8@12 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The firmness of holders limits operations, and a few small sales, including 800 Caracas, are reported at 23½c, on time. The Porto Cabello are going to New York. Of Slaughter, sales are making at 9@9¼c ₱ lb, as in quality.

HOPS are scarce and firm at the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 32@36c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for this staple is steady, but without much doing in the way of sales, and only about 1000 tons Anthracite have been disposed of in lots at $22½@23 for No 1, and $21¾@22 for No 2, on time. Nothing new in Scotch Pig, and but little selling. Blooms and Boiler Plates are also quiet, and prices the same. Bars and Rails move off in small lots as wanted, at previous quotations.

LEAD is firmly held, but no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—The market is firm, with a light stock of heavy Sole and Slaughter to operate in, and prices are fully sustained and firm; common stock continues plenty and dull.

LUMBER—Business has been dull this week, but prices are without any quotable change, White Pine selling at $14@17, Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10@10½.—Further sales of Laths are reported at $1,75@1,80 ₱ M, and Pickets at $5@7, as to size; Cypress Shingles are selling in lots at $13@14 for 3 feet, and $20@21 for long do.

MOLASSES—The market is without any material variation, but dull, and the sales are confined to a few small lots, mostly Cuba, within the range of quotations.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and the market is dull at $2,50@2,62½ ₱ ton. White Plaster is scarce.

RICE is inactive, with some further small sales to note at 4½@4¾c ₱ lb, the latter for prime lots on the usual credit.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed continues good, and all offered, some 3000 bus, found buyers at $6 for old, and $6,12½@6,37½ ₱ bus for new seed, the latter for very prime lots, which is an advance. Timothy is steady, and selling at $2,50@2,62½ ₱ bus, mostly at the latter rate.—Of domestic Flaxseed, the sales are limited at $1,62 ₱ bus; some of the crushers refuse to pay this price.

SPIRITS—Brandies continue firm, and on the advance, without much doing in the way of sales. Gin—No change. N E Rum sells as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is unsettled, and rather lower, bbls selling at 23c for Penna; Ohio do at 22½@23c; Drudge 21@21½c, and hhds at 22c.

SUGARS—The market is dull, buyers taking hold in a small way only, at about previous rates; sales include Cuba at about 7@7½c, and Porto Rico at 7¼@7¾c, on time.

TALLOW is steady, with small sales of city at 10¼c, and country at 9¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO has been moving off rather more freely, Leaf and Manufactured selling moderately at fully former rates.

WOOL—The market has been very inactive, but without any quotable change to note in prices, the sales being mostly in a small way at previous quoted rates, including some fine fleece at 60c, net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 10.—FLOUR is heavy; 7000 bbls sold. State and Southern are unchanged. Wheat declining afloat, but firm in store. Sales of 10,000 bus at $1,30 for red Southern, and $1,45 for white. Western Corn heavy; sales of 30,000 bus at 69@84c for mixed. Pork steady. Mess Pork unchanged; Prime $14.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1874 head. The prices ranged from $7 to 9,25 ₱ cwt. Sheep—6800 head were sold at from 3½ to 4¼c, live weight, and from 7½ to 8¾c ₱ lb, net. 3019 fat Hogs were in market, of which 1283 were sold at prices ranging from $7,50 to 8,50 ₱ cwt.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Lennard Milton, to Miss Arabella Somers, both of New Jersey.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Richard W. Humphrise, of Great Fall, N. H., William D. Neall, of the firm of Neall & Merriman, to M. Lizzie, eldest daughter of A. Steinmez, Esq. both of this city.

At Gloria Dei Church, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, James S. Rogers, to Margaret, daughter of the late Jas. Stewart, Esq. both of this city.

On the 23d of October, 1860, at the Episcopal Church, Vicksburg, by the Rev. W. W. Lord, Miss Emma M. Lawes, of Philads. to Mr. C. Randolph Bailey, of La.

On the 17th of Sept. 1860, by the Rev. B. M. Tillotson, Mr. William P. Poole, to Miss Chattie J. Music, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept. by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, David W. Fell, to Josephine R. Stockton, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, Mr. Charles S. Wolcott, to Miss Henrietta B. Davison, all of Camden, N. J.

In Manayunk, on Sept. 16th, 1860, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. John Beddis, to Miss Elizabeth Collins, both of Manayunk.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, in this city, on the 1st instant, Mr. John Pechin, aged 92 years.

On Friday evening, 2d instant, Alexander B. McAlpin, Esq. aged 63 years.

On the evening of the 3d instant, near Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nourse, Anthony Morris, formerly of this city, in his 95th year.

On the 6th instant, Hartman Kuhn, in his 77th year.

At his plantation, in Louisiana, on the 23d ultimo, Rockhill Ingraham, son of Alfred Ingraham, Esq. of Grand Gulf, Mississippi, in his 28th year.

Suddenly, on the 8th of Nov. 1860, Mr. Benjamin D. Hartley, aged 23 years.

On Saturday, 3d instant, Catharine Heimer, in her 79th year.

On the 2d instant, Christian F. Hensel, in his 34th year.

On the 2d instant, after a short illness, Wm. P. High, in his 34th year.

On the evening of the 3d instant, Mr. William Stewart, aged 31 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 10, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		Mississippi.	
Solv bks par to ⅛ dis		All bks uncertain	
New Jersey.		Louisiana.	
Solv bks par to ⅛ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
Delaware.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to ⅛ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
Maryland.		Kentucky.	
Baltimore par to ⅛ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ⅛ dis		Indiana.	
New York.		State Bank	1 dis
Solv bks par to ⅛ dis		Illinois.	
Maine.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		Missouri.	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		Tennessee.	
Vermont.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		Michigan.	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		Wisconsin.	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		Texas.	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks ⅝ dis		Iowa.	
Virginia.		State bk	1¼ dis
Solv bks ⅝ dis		Kansas.	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		Minnesota.	
North Carolina.		Bank St Paul	5 dis
Solv bks ⅝ to 1¼ dis		Canada.	
Georgia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks 1 dis		Florida.	
South Carolina.		State bk	5 dis
Solv bks 1 dis			
Alabama.			
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis			

ALWAYS "GET THE BEST!"

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is the leading and by far the largest circulated Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly in the World, and should be in the hands of all who wish a Practical, Useful and Entertaining **Home Journal**. It is not only *the* paper to advise you in Rural affairs, but to instruct and entertain your Family, as it combines a greater number of Subjects than *any other* journal, including

AGRICULTURE,	EDUCATION,
HORTICULTURE,	HISTORY,
RURAL ARCHITECTURE,	MECH. ARTS,
SCIENCE,	NEWS,
MARKETS,	TALES,
SKETCHES,	BIOGRAPHIES,
MORAL ESSAYS,	POETRY, &c.

All who wish the Best Farm and Fireside Journal in America, printed and illustrated in Superior Style, are invited to examine The Rural. Weekly—Eight Double Quarto Pages—$2 a year; or this quarter, *on trial*, for 25 cents—half price. Great Inducements to Club Agents—the best yet offered. Specimens, Show Bills, Inducements, &c., sent free. D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN OF
CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR,
An Illustrated Day School Paper for Teachers and Pupils everywhere. Address
DAUGHADAY & HAMMOND,
411 Walnut St., Philad'a., Pa.

TEACHERS and EMPLOYERS of TEACHERS should have the Prospectus of "AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE." Apply, with stamp, to SMITH, WOODMAN & CO., nov17-6t 609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

A **WELL QUALIFIED** and EXPERIENCED TEACHER of English branches, French and Music, desires a new engagement. But references given. Address, with particulars, MISS ANNA CRAWFORD, nov17-4t Box 1669, Philad'a., Pa.

NEW TEMPERANCE MELODIST.
A Collection of
GLEES, SONGS, AND PIECES
For the use of Temperance Organizations. By Stephen Hubbard. Price 38 cts. on receipt of which it will be sent, post-paid. Published by It OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

WONDER! WONDER!—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours' practice, sent to any person for 25 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau street, New York.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

The Best is Always the Cheapest.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE STANDARD FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS.

Pronounced by the Press of the United States

THE BEST
LADY'S MAGAZINE
in the World, and the Cheapest.

THE LITERATURE'
is of that kind that can be read aloud in the family circle, and the clergy in immense numbers are subscribers for the Book.

THE BEST LADY WRITERS
In America contribute to its pages, and we have some that write for no other Magazine.

THE MUSIC
is all original, and would cost 25 cts. (the price of the Book) in the music stores; but most of it is copyrighted, and cannot be obtained except in "Godey."

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
All efforts to rival us in this have ceased, and we now stand alone in this department, giving, as we do, many more and infinitely better engravings than are published in any other work.

OUR FASHION PLATES.
Our long experience gives us greater advantages than are possessed by others. We give in the course of one year at least

SIXTY FULL FIGURE FASHIONS,
which is *thirty-six* more than any other Magazine gives; and they are really the fashions, which others are not. We challenge contradiction when we state that the fashions of other Magazines have never been seen in the streets of Philadelphia or New York, or in the drawing-rooms of either place. Godey's are the only reliable fashions.

OUR WOOD ENGRAVINGS,
of which we give twice or three times as many as any other Magazine, are often mistaken for steel. They are so far superior to any others.

IMITATIONS.
Beware of them. Remember that the Lady's Book is the original publication and the cheapest. If you take Godey, you want no other Magazine.

Everything that is useful or ornamental in a house can be found in Godey.

DRAWING LESSONS.
No other Magazine gives them, and we have given enough to fill several large volumes.

OUR RECEIPTS
are such as can be found nowhere else. Cooking in all its variety—Confectionery—the Nursery—the Toilet—the Laundry—the Kitchen. Receipts upon all subjects are to be found in the pages of the Lady's Book. We originally started this department, and have peculiar facilities for making it most perfect. This department alone is worth the price of the Book.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS
of Knitting, Netting, or some other useful branch of Ladies' work is given in every number.

LADIES' WORK TABLE.
This department comprises Engravings and descriptions of every article that a lady wears.

MODEL COTTAGES.
No other Magazine has this department.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year,	$3.
Two copies one year,	5.
Three copies one year,	6.
Five copies one year, and an extra copy to one person sending the club,	10.
Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club,	15.
Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club,	20.

And the *only* Magazine that can be introduced into the above clubs in place of the Lady's Book is Arthur's Home Magazine.

Special Clubbing with Other Magazines.

Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year for	$3,50.
Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for	4,50.
Godey, Harper and Arthur will all three be sent one year, on receipt of	6,00.

☞ Notes of all solvent banks taken at par.

☞ Subscribers in the British Provinces, who send for clubs, must remit 36 cts. extra on every subscriber, to pay the American postage to the lines.

☞ Be careful and pay the potage on your letter. Address

L. A. GODEY,
323 *Chestnut St., Philad'a., Pa.*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE LADIES.—*DISCOUNT FOR CASH, 5 PER CENT.*

We extend to the Ladies, on cash purchases at our Retail Counters, the allowance hitherto enjoyed by our Storekeeping Customers, of

5 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

TRIMMINGS, ZEPHYRS, LACES,
RIBBONS, SKIRTS, CORSETS,
SHAWL BORDERS, HAIR NETS, &c.

City Railway Fares to our Establishment will be amply repaid by the inducements we offer in price, variety, quality and quantity.

J. G. MAXWELL & SON,
Manufacturing and Importing Establishment,
S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

☞ Pre-paid goods sent by mail or express.

TO LITERARY SOCIETIES.

WILLIAM WIRT SIKES is this season prepared to respond to invitations to lecture on the following themes:

1. The Beautiful.
2. William Wirt.
3. The Noble Life.
4. Insanity.

He may be addressed at NYACK, on the Hudson, New York. 1t

JACOB LADOMUS,
618 Market St., Phila.,
AMERICAN, ENGLISH and SWISS
WATCHES;
A large assortment constantly on hand and *Warranted Time-keepers.* Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest cash prices. Sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of funds. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
Also, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE of every description always on hand. aug25-3m

LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR.—Nothing has ever been made which has given such universal satisfaction. It restores, preserves, and beautifies the Hair, and imparts a delightful odor. If you wish a fine, healthy head of Hair, try it. Sold everywhere, for 25 cents a bottle. oct27-4t

☞ **5,000 AGENTS WANTED**—To sell five new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. All pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps, and get 80 pages particulars. EPHRAIM BROWN, oct20-cow6t Lowell, Mass.

CANVASSERS WANTED
Throughout the United States.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

PLEASE TO READ THIS!—Agents Wanted! Extra Inducements for 1861! All persons IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT will at once receive our Catalogue of Books, pre-paid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our Large Type Quarto PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about One Thousand Engravings. On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well-bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded by express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas. Our books are sold by canvassers, and are well known to be the most saleable. Address, post-paid.
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 181 William Street, New York.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED—An agent in every county, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my publications, sent on application. Address
DUANE RULISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
oct27-tf

WHEELER & WILSON
MANUFACTURING CO.'S
SEWING MACHINES,
THESE GREAT ECONOMIZERS OF TIME AND PRESERVERS OF HEALTH,
HAVE WON THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS
At the Fair of the United States Agricultural Society.
AT THE STATE FAIRS OF

Maine,	Pennsylvania	Illinois,
Vermont,	Virginia,	Kentucky,
Connecticut,	Mississippi,	Michigan,
New York,	Missouri,	Wisconsin,
New Jersey,	Ohio,	California,
Tennessee,	Indiana.	Iowa.

AND AT THE FAIRS OF THE

American Institute, New York.	Kentucky Institute, Louisville.
Mechanics' Association, Boston.	Mechanical Association, St. Louis.
Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.	Mechanics' Institute, Chicago.
Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore.	Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco.
Metropolitan Mech's' Institute, Washington.	And at hundreds of County Fairs.
Mechanics' Association, Cincinnati.	

THE LOCK STITCH MADE BY THIS MACHINE
Is the only stitch that cannot be raveled, and that presents the same appearance on both sides of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.

OFFICE, NO. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
nov3-3t

HINTS TO INVENTORS.

MESSRS. MUNN & CO., Editors of the
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,
having had upwards of fifteen years' experience in soliciting Patents at home and in foreign Patent Offices, have published a

MANUEL OF ADVICE HOW TO SECURE
Letters Patent, which they will forward by mail, free of charge.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, of sixteen pages, devoted to the interests of

INVENTORS, MECHANICS & MANUFACTURERS.

The numbers for a year make a volume of useful matter (full of engravings) of 832 pages. Terms, $2 a year; $1 for six months.

Specimen numbers of the paper sent free on application to MUNN & CO., No. 37 Park Row, oc20-eow4t New York City.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

THE HORTICULTURIST is the best Magazine of its kind in America. Every admirer of
FLOWERS,
FRUITS,
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS,
PLEASANT HOMES, &c., &c.,
should subscribe for it. Published monthly—48 pages—elegantly illustrated. Terms, $2 a year. For the two years, 1860 and 1861, $3. The edition with colored plates, $5 a year.
SAXTON & BARKER,
Agricultural Book Publishers,
nov10-3t No. 25 Park Row, New York.

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great Medals of the World's Exhibition in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER, oct6-1y 376 Chesnut St., Philada.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, aug13-1f Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.
They Impart Strength; they Annihilate Pain.

PARK'S Patent POROUS PRICKLY PLASTERS Are Sold By all Dealers From 1 to 2½ Dimes.

THESE DELIGHTFUL PLASTERS yield readily to the motion of the body, absorb perspiration and throw off all the offensive congulated impurities of the system. They should be used for all Chronic Pains, Faintness, Dyspepsia, Colds, Consumption, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, etc. They retain their active properties when other Plasters are useless, and *where applied pain cannot exist.* Every family should have them. One size on cloth, three sizes on leather. Sample sent by mail, on receipt of 25 cents.
D. S. BARNES & CO.,
oct27-3m 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

100,000 FOR 1861.

☞ ELEGANT PREMIUMS TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS. ☜
SEE BELOW.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1861.

VOLUMES XVII. AND XVIII.
EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness.

So well known is the HOME MAGAZINE in all parts of the United States, and the Canadas, that we are scarcely required in the announcement for 1861, to speak of its peculiar characteristics. All that its name implies, the editors have sought to make it. The *reading quality* of the work has ever been the first consideration; and the publishers have noted, with pleasure, the unvarying testimony received, year after year, from thousands of sources, to its superiority in this respect.

Our purpose has been to give a magazine that should unite the attractions of *choice and elegant literature with high moral aims*, and teach useful lessons to men, women and children, in all degrees of life; a magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to his sister, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that, in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

Still more eminently will this feature of excellence, interest and usefulness in the reading matter of the Home Magazine be regarded in the future volumes. Our work is for homes; and we seek to make homes happier.

In the January number will be commenced a *new story*, entitled—

NOTHING BUT MONEY.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Miss Townsend will continue to furnish, regularly, those charming stories and exquisite picture-sketches which have been the delight of so many readers. While

Wit and Humor.

A TESTY JUDGE.

We had once the privilege of being in the same carriage with a couple of judges of the land, whom we will call A and B, and a high sheriff of his county, C. A, since deceased, was one of the cleverest and most genial men that ever sat on the bench, but testy withal, and excessively impatient of a dull remark. B, on the other hand, was the pink of politeness and courtesy. C was excessively anxious to be agreeable to his learned companions, who were also his guests, and like many other excellent and by no means stupid persons, he thought the Weather would be a capital topic to commence what he intended should eventually become an animated and agreeable conversation.

"I think we shall have a change in the weather soon, my lord," remarked C, as soon as the horses were in motion, to A, who was the senior judge.

A looked contemptuously at the speaker, and replied, sharply,

"Why, sir, why?" after the manner of the late Samuel Johnson.

"Because, my lord, the moon is changing."

"The moon!" exclaimed A, with an irritation that turned him purple in an instant; "because your grandmother is changing, you mean. Can you be such a fool, Mr. High Sheriff, as to believe that the moon has anything to do with it?"

This present writer sat aghast at the unexpected outbreak; but the unfortunate country gentleman who had provoked it, quite collapsed, and retired into himself at once, like a hermit-crab into his shell. He had broken the ice of conversation with a vengeance, and going down through it, head first, after such a fashion, was never again able to appear above the surface.

"Really, Brother A," observed B, sincerely grieved by the injury thus inflicted by his learned colleague, "you seem to me exceedingly hard upon our friend here. It is the opinion of many persons of good judgment that the moon does certainly influence the weather. I confess, I believe myself—"

"Then all I have to say," broke in his senior, taking out from his pocket that edition of Lucullus without which he never travelled —"all I have to say is this—you are as great a fool, Brother B, as C is."

After which we concluded our drive in silence.

PREACHING TOO WELL.

Dr. Ware, the elder, used sometimes to relate amusingly his experience as a parish minister. One week he had made special preparation for the pulpit, bestowing almost all his care and thought upon the morning discourse; and the result was what he considered one of his very best sermons. Saturday evening came, and he must get up something for the afternoon service, which of course must be more hastily and carelessly done. It was probably some brief and simple exposition of Scripture. Monday morning, the doctor walks out, and meets one of his parishioners, who greets him very cordially.

Parishioner—I must thank you, doctor, for that sermon; it has edified me more than I can tell you.

Doctor—I bestowed much care upon it, and am glad that my labor was not lost.

Parishioner—I assure you it was not. It has cleared up my doubts and difficulties.

Doctor—I presume you refer to the morning discourse.

Parishioner—No, sir—the afternoon. The morning discourse—I—I don't particularly remember about that.

HOOD'S JOKES ON HIMSELF.—The very fingers so aristocratically slender that now hold the pen, hint plainly at the "ills flesh is heir to;" my coats have become great coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to premature old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body. I am working, nevertheless, with pen and pencil, in spite of the M. D.'s, who ordered me to do nothing, but I found it so hard to do that, that I prefer[red] writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-looking-ness, there is one man coming to draw me, another to model me, as if I were fat enough to *bust*. Luckily, I am capital at sitting just now, and not bad at lying; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by the way, have dwindled into needles.

STRUCK WITH A DUMB-BELL.—"Well, our friend Jones has received an awful blow," said Smith to Brown, in the street, as they met and shook hands.

"How?" quoth Brown.

"Why, he's been struck," replied Smith, "awfully struck."

"With what?" asked B., excitedly.

"Why, he's been struck with a dumb-bell," said Smith.

"Goodness gracious, you alarm me. Why he was only married this morning to a beautiful girl, who has the misfortune to be unable to speak," said Brown, again.

"Why, that's what I refer to. Don't you see that the man who falls in love with a girl that cannot speak is *struck* with a *dumb belle*?"

INTERESTING QUERY.—*Intelligent Juvenile.*—"Ma, do we cut our second teeth altogether or one by one?"

Ma.—"One by one; they come gradually, dear. I like you to ask questions for information. But why do you ask?"

Intelligent Juvenile.—"Because, on last Sunday you had not a tooth in your head, and next day you had a full set of fine teeth; how was that—did you cut 'em all at once?"

Ma does not answer, but gives the intelligent child some pence, and tells him not to ask such foolish questions again.

THE GAME OF EUCHRE AND LIFE—AN ARKANSAS FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

There is a genuine humor in the idea that an Arkansas man finds the most natural expression, even of parting advice to his son, in the language of the card-table, and the manner in which the terms of the game of "euchre" are there fitted in the game of life is very ingenious:

"Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You're going to throw me out of the game, and go it alone. The odds is against you, Bob; but remember also that industry and perseverance are the winning cards; they are the 'bowers.' Book larnin' and all that sort of thing will do to fill up with, like small trumps, but you must have the bowers to back 'em, else they ain't worth chucks. If luck runs again you pretty strong, don't cave in and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but hold your head up and make 'em believe you're flush of trumps: they won't play so hard agin you.

"I've lived and travelled around some, Bob, and I've found out that as soon as folks thought you held out a weak hand, they'd buck agin you strong. So when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious, be satisfied with a p'int. Many's the hand I've seen euchred 'cause they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; don't let 'em 'nig' on you; recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hands. Be temperate, never get drunk, for then no matter how good your hand, you won't know how to play it; both bowers and the ace won't save you, for there's sartin to be a 'miss deal' or something wrong.

"And another thing, Bob, (this was spoken in a low tone) don't go too much on the women; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of them the worse for you; you might have three and nary trump. I don't say discard 'em all; if you get hold of one that's a trump, it's all good, and there's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you; nor 'slip' cards, nor 'nig,' for then you can't look your man in the face, and when that's the case there's no fun in the game; it's regular 'cut throat.' So now, Bob, farewell; remember wot I tell you and you'll be sure to win, and if you don't, sarves you right if you get 'skunked!'"

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—An attorney brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally lawyer. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer.

"I did," was the reply.

"Pray," said the judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word?"

"There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow.

"Why, good man," said the judge, "there is no dishonor in the name, is there?"

"I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I know, if any man called me a lawyer, I'd knock him down."

"Why, sir," said the judge pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I, too, am a lawyer."

"No, no," replied the fellow; "and, my lord; you are a judge, I know, but I am sure you are *no lawyer*."

AN EPIGRAM ON BULWER.—Egerton Warburton has just let off a good epigram at Sir Lytton Bulwer, or Bulwer Lytton. Bulwer is notorious for the shabbiness of his entertainments, and the magnificence of his gilded halls and splendid furniture. Now for the epigram—that Iliad in a nutshell:—

"You see," said Sir Ned, "as we enter his doors,
I have furnished my house *a la* Louis Quatorze."
"Then I wish," said a guest, "when you ask me to eat,
You would furnish your board *a la* Louis Dixhuit.
The eye cannot feast when the stomach is starving,
Pray, less of your gilding, and more of your carving."

THE VERY MAN.—The late Sir Henry Smith, long M. P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school; and among the advocates of Reform his resolute opposition to all change gave him a reputation for folly and obstinacy which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied, "I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool." "Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "*then I'm the very man to represent you.*" This diamond shaft of wit went to the farmer's heart, and with a loud guffa he promised his vote.

THE GORILLA.—Professor: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the gorilla, or man monkey, the greatest living curiosity in the known world. He was captured by a party of travellers on the banks of the Senegambia"—stick accompaniment. Gorilla (indignantly,) "Jem Briggs, if you punch me again with that stick, I'll come come out and lam yer out of yer boots."

OUR FLAG.—The following lines were recently found pasted on the wall of an old house in Newark, N. J., and were probably written many years ago:

"OUR FLAG WHEN WE PART."

Oh! what will become of that flag when we part?
Shall it droop o'er the tomb of our national fame?
Shall it stream o'er the wreck, when each hope of the heart
Has abandoned the wreck to oblivion and shame?

When that banner of glory forever is furled,
Shall each gem be re-set and translated afar?
Shall the bright constellation that lighted a world,
Be replaced by a distant and desolate star?

Rather heap its proud trophies, and over them cast
This all of our honor—this shroud of our shame;
Fire the pile! fling the ashes abroad on the blast—
It was born amid storm—let it perish in flame!

SENTIMENTAL LADY.—"Strange, mysterious beings they are! How I wish I were a bird!"

SENTENTIOUS OLD MACAW.—"Ah! yes, that's all very fine—but when you come to moult!" —*Vanity Fair.*

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DRESSES—NAKED ARMS AND NECK.

A distinguished physician, who died some years since, in Paris, declared:—"I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked."

I have often thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut out a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth; the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now carry the same bulb to its little hand; if the arms be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink 40 degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cold currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequently occurring affections of the lungs, throat, and stomach?

I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the same simple cure.—*Dr. Lewis.*

THE NAILS.—Disease not only withers and emaciates the human frame, but, after its departure, leaves thereon a minute record of its action, very intelligible to the experienced and observant eye. Few invalids are aware that they bear about with them—in fact, at their fingers' ends—an accurate register of their past sufferings; but such is the case. In some of the Parisian hospitals the surgeons customarily scrutinize narrowly the finger-nails of patients newly admitted, for the purpose of gleaning therefrom more correct information as to the past progress of their diseases than could, perhaps, otherwise have been acquired; and so accurate are the conclusions thence drawn, as very often to astonish the unconscious bearers of the strange record. Allowing a certain average daily growth from the nails, it has been found, on examining those of a person who had, four months previously, had an attack of typhus, that toward the centre of the nails, which had at that time been their root, a deep and well-defined transverse furrow remained, coinciding with that accidental interruption to their nutrition and growth. The depth of the depression will always be exactly proportionate to the severity of the illness, and the breadth to its duration; while, if there had been any subsequent relapses, they would be found successively indicated at proper intervals, like the notches on a tally-stick.

FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE.—There are plenty such, if you are not too hurried to notice them. I picked three to-day. First, I saw a workman at mid-day, seated on the side walk under a tree, his faithful wife beside him, just uncovering a steaming little dinner-basket which she had prepared and brought from the distant street in which was the one room they called "home." Who happier than they? he eating, she looking on, well-pleased and happy. Next, at evening, I saw a mother, her hard day's toil over, bringing the little one, with its shining face and smoothly-combed hair, to meet the rough, but loving father, and place it, crowing, in his out-stretched arms, smilingly taking in exchange from his hand the spade, with which that night's supper had been cheerfully earned for her and her babe. Again I saw a laughing little boy, whose face suddenly grew old in a moment, as a reeling figure came round the corner, and gliding with white cheeks to his side, and passing his little arm within that of the nerveless drunkard's, sobbed out to the boys, with a love that no taunts or disgrace could quench, "Hush! 'tis my father!"

Agricultural.

HOW TO TAME BEES.

"Ten Dollars Worth" of Information Gratis.

Many persons while watching an exhibitor of bees in a moveable frame hive, at the Fairs, taking out and returning the frames of combs covered with bees, and, as they hang in clusters from the frames, removing them by handfuls, with no more apparent fear than though they were so many flies, have regarded the process as a sort of witchery; they have thought that none but the operator, and possibly a few others, could have such perfect and fearless contol over their bees. Instead of this being actually the case, it is the reverse; for no person that I have yet seen, who has followed the directions for "Taming Bees" that I purpose to give, has been unable, after a little practice, to have full and absolute control over them. I understand that a speculator in Canada has made the proposition "to instruct beekeepers in the art of taming bees for the exceedingly low price of $10 each!" But the readers of this journal can save their $10, and learn the whole art by observing the following directions, which the writer has practiced for years.

The whole art of "taming bees" is embodied in the following: 1st—A honey-bee filled with honey or "liquid sweets," will not sting of its own accord. 2nd—Bees when frightened, will generally fill themselves with honey; and, if given "liquid sweets," will invariably accept of them. Bees may be frightened thus: 1st. By confining them to the hive, and rapping the sides of it lightly with a small stick, or the palms of the hands. At first, the bees will try to get out, but finding that impossible, they will then rush to their stores and fill themselves with honey. 2nd. By blowing upon them the smoke of punk (rotten wood,) tobacco, or cotton rags.

What is termed "liquid sweets," is water well sweetened with honey or sugar. Sugar is preferable, as bees from neighboring hives, or those in close proximity, are not so readily attracted by it.

For many years I used mainly the smoke of tobacco and cotton rags, but this season, in all my operations I have used nothing but the smoke of "punk." This is not so pungent as that of tobacco.

In order to make the foregoing directions a little more clear, I will now set forth the *modus operandi* of taming the most irritable colony of bees in the Langstroth hive; which will answer, somewhat modified, for all colonies in all kinds of hives.

Set the punk on fire, and blow a little smoke into the entrance of the hive. This will cause the bees at and near the entrance to retreat and go among the combs. Now, take off the top cover, and blow enough smoke into the holes or slats of the surplus honey receptacle cover, to cause all the bees to go below the tops of the frames, when this cover may also be removed. Blow sufficient smoke upon the bees to keep them below among the combs. Unless the colony be very populous, the bees will now nearly all be found hastily filling their sacs with honey, and will generally be ready to operate upon in from five to fifteen minutes. Should the operator desire to commence taking out the combs as soon as possible, he may sprinkle the bees with the sweetened water. Those not filling their sacs from the cells of honey will commence at once to gorge themselves with this preparation. I seldom have occasion—except at the Fairs—to use the "liquid sweets." I would advise beginners to use a bee-hat until they have had some experience—which may then, at times, be discarded.

Reader, just operate upon a colony in the way described, and you will probably be surprised to find that you can more easily and readily subject the most irritable colony of bees to your control, than can Rarey an ordinary animal of the equine race.—M. M. BALDRIDGE, *in the American Agriculturist.*

WEEDS ON GRAVEL WALKS.—Many of our readers who live within an easy distance of a chemical manufactory will be glad to learn how to destroy effectually from thence the weeds on their garden walks. Any manufacturing chemist will be glad to supply the residuum from the manufacture of ether, at the half-penny per pound. Mix six parts water with one part of this material in a glazed earthen vessel, then let a man and boy be employed, the one to pour the liquid from an earthen jug over the weedy walk, the other to well rub it in with a worn-out broom or scrubbing-brush; no watering-pan to be used, or it would destroy it in an hour. Care, too, must be taken that it does not fall upon the clothes or hands, as the acid is extremely powerful. The weeds die almost immediately, nor will any for a long period spring again. It also utterly destroys the dwarf green moss which is apt to grow on walks in damp, shady places. Walks operated upon twice a-year in this way will effectually be kept clean and neat at a very slight cost. Care should be taken not to apply it within two inches of the edge of the lawn lest it should destroy the grass.

AN EXPERIMENT IN GRINDING COTTON SEED.—We are convinced upon further reflection and inquiry, that the suggestion thrown out in our last issue upon grinding cotton seed in the common grist mill, is a matter of great practical importance to our readers in the South. If cotton seed brought to the North, deprived of its oil, and ground into meal is worth a dollar and a half a hundred, it ought to be worth much more upon the plantation, ground before pressing, where feeding stuff is in great demand.

The grand difficulty is in the business of grinding. The seed contains so much oil, that the common grist mill would probably clog with the pure cotton seed, and the conclusion would be jumped at, that the mill was unfit for the work. We wish, therefore, to suggest several experiments in grinding; first, a mixture of three parts of cotton seed to one of corn; secondly, an equal quantity of each; and thirdly, three parts of corn to one of cotton seed. The corn being hard and dry, will absorb the oil, and we think, keep the mill clean, so that it will do its work perfectly. Animals are not fond of the pure meal at first, and have to acquire a taste for it, by mixing it in small quantities with other palatable feeding stuff. When the taste is formed, they eat ravenously without any mixture. If our correspondent at Edward's Depot, Miss., who has suggested these inquiries, would undertake these experiments, and report them, we should feel greatly obliged. The manufacture and use of cotton seed meal upon the plantation, we are confident, will form a new era in the husbandry of the Gulf States.—*American Agriculturist.*

LONG LACTATION IN AGED COWS.—There is at present, on the farm at Mossside, Clatt, Aberdeenshire, in the possession of Mr. Wm. Middleton, a cow, in her 24th year, which has had nineteen calves, the last of them being calved in June, 1857. The extraordinary part of the story is that the cow has given milk every day since the birth of her last calf, in 1857, and shows no falling off. Her average quantity is from five to six pints a day. —*London Veterinarian.*

Useful Receipts.

MILK RISING BREAD.—Take one cup of milk, one of water, a teaspoon of salt, and flour to make a batter; keep it warm until light, then warm milk, and mix the rising and milk with sufficient flour to make a soft dough; knead it thoroughly, put it into the pans, and bake as soon as light. Milk rising managed in this manner has no offensive odor.

MRS. P.'s CRACKERS.—When the above dough is light add to one quart a small teacup of butter; work it well and pound in all the flour possible; beat the crackers until the dough feels smooth as glass; then break off small lumps; roll very thin, and bake a long time without browning. The crackers should be about as large as a dollar. Prick them several times before baking.

MRS. DICSON'S CRACKERS.—One cup of lard, one cup of warm water, in which is dissolved two and a half teaspoons of cream of tartar, and another cup with a teaspoon of soda, dissolved in it, and salt to suit the taste; sift into the bread bowl a large quart of flour, rub the lard through the flour, mix the dough with the soda and cream of tartar, adding enough flour to make the dough quite stiff. They are better if rolled in separate crackers, but are very good rolled thin and cut with a cracker cutter; bake thoroughly without burning, and after they are all baked, set the pan containing them in a cool oven until they are dry and crisp; or they may be baked over as wanted, each day.—*Housekeeper's Encyclopedia.*

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up half a pailfull of lime and water, ready to put it on the wall, then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; pour it while hot into the whitewash: stir all well together, and it is ready for use.

TOMATOES IN A NEW STYLE.—The following method of preparing them for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent article:—Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverised white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor—more nearly resembling strawberry than anything else.

TO PREVENT RUST.—If rusty iron is rubbed with boiled oil, in which some red lead has been mixed, on a warm day, the rusty process will be arrested.

CURE FOR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Half an ounce of pulverised saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil: bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will speedily be effected.

☞ Never be idle. Always have something to do. Remember, moments are the golden sands of time.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 2, 5, 14, 14, 9, 17, 29, was the goddess of horses.
My 10, 24, 20, 15, 35, was the goddess of flowers.
My 11, 2, 28, 24, 16, 26, was the muse who presided over comic and pastoral poetry.
My 18, 24, 33, 9, was the muse who presided over history.
My 19, 34, 12, 23, was a nymph who, being slighted by Narcissus, pined away to a skeleton, having nothing left but her voice.
My 21, 23, 8, 31, 26, were goddesses who presided over human destiny.
My 23, is not to be found in Latin.
My 25, 24, 3, 16, 1, 20, was one of the Furies.
My 27, 9, 20, 11, 12, was the god of eloquence.
My 30, 7, 17, 25, 32, 4, 33, was the goddess of wisdom.
My 30, 23, 22, 6, was the god of war.
My 34, 13, 15, 3, 6, was the goddess of grain and harvest.
My 35, 14, 9, 34, 24, 20, was the god of poetry, music and prophecy.
My whole has just taken place.

ALBERT M. MARTIN.

Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Since Phœbus first with praise divine,
Did on the bowers of Eden shine,
My first has been, you will agree,
A part of every living tree.

My second wallows in the mire,
To find my first is his desire;
His nature seen, I scorn to tell,
In man's the surest mark of hell.

My third is plain as plain can be,
In black or white, or bond or free;
Or in the sentence, live or die,
My number third you will descry.

When life's short journey here is done,
Each living thing beneath the sun,
The great and small, the false and true,
My fourth and last will surely do.

Kilgore, O. A. PEABODY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When spring has clothed the fields in green,
And wintry winds have ceased to blow,
My first is very often seen,
Flying high or sitting low.

In the wars and fights of by-gone years,
Which many lands have scourged;
My next was used with boisterous cheers,
Whilst steeds were onward urged.

Whilst seated 'neath the shady trees,
Whiling away the passing hour,
My whole is noticed in the breeze,
Which it perfumes,—for 'tis a flower.

—A. E. HOWRY.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many square inches of water will a boiler 10 feet long, 40 inches in diameter, with 5 flues hold? Three of the flues are 7 inches in diameter at the back end, and 5 inches in diameter at the forward end, the other 2 flues are 6 inches in diameter at the back end, and 4 inches at the forward end of the boiler. Also, how many square inches of iron in the boiler?

Wheeling, Va. J. M. J.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A dog saw a hare 300 yards due South from him, which started and ran due West; the dog pursued, running continually towards the hare, and caught it when it had run 500 yards. Required, the distance run by the dog, and the nature of the curve he described?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? Ans.—The street-door.

☞ If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow? Ans.—A little London porter.

☞ Why is a fire in the bush like raw brandy in the mouth? Ans.—Because it burns the gums.

☞ At what period of life does a young lady devote herself to arithmetic? Ans.—When she begins to *sigh for* (cipher) a lover.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A leaf from the tree of life.
A professor from the faculty of the human understanding.
A thread from the veil of futurity.
A rock from the shores of fate.
A feather from the bed of a river.
A feather from Job's turkey.
A rail from the bridge of life.
A piece of iron from the iron age.
A button from a coat of paint.
A sled to slide down the decline of life.
An ear-ring from the ear of a wash-tub.
A little pig to eat his fill from the trough of the sea.
A round from the ladder of fame.
A splinter from one of the clubs of the Saturday Evening Post.
A tooth from the mouth of a cave.

Geneva, N. Y. G. A. HAYUNGA.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA—Sir Isaac Newton, Lincolnshire, England. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Cumberland County. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietum." Motto of the State of Massachusetts. CHARADE—Garnet (gar-net). CHARADE—Dryden. PROBLEM—4 inches from the end cut 3 inches into the board, turn an angle, cut 4 inches, again 3 inches, and so across the board.

Answer to Daniel Dieffenbach's PROBLEM, published October 13.—Distance between towers 64 feet. Answered by T. Lowry, Auburn, Indiana; T. L. M., Allegheny Co., Pa.; Artemas Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Geo. Chahoon, Va.; C. S. Russell, Pa.; Henry E. Strode, Va.